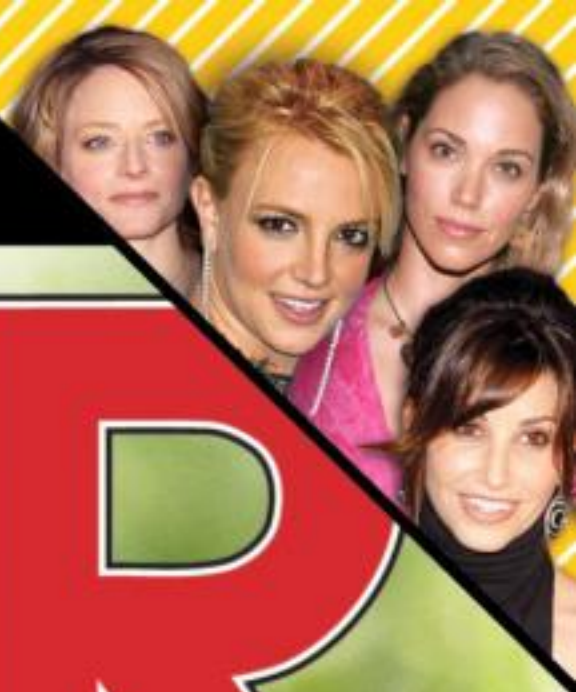


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Talent

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To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400
(ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography

Matti Klatt Senior Photographer
Ladi von Jansky Photographer
Sean Berrios Supervisor of Records and Documents
David Carrillo Recordkeeper/Archivist
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Kenneth DeMartines Production Designer
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Network Systems

Andrea Landrum Network Systems Director
Lisa Jones Network Systems Administrator

Production

Brian Sturzenacker Production Manager
Rustin Knudtson Traffic Coordinator

Advertising

Allen Maine National Advertising Director (323-951-7907)
David Thorn Advertising Coordinator
Gina J. Lee Ad Production/Pre-Press Director
Wendy Camacho Advertising Production Coordinator

Subscriptions Customer Service: 323-651-2348

Gerry Awang Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution
Lyn Heller Vice-President, Human Resources
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Cover photo by Holly Randall

Visit Suze Randall Photography Online at Suze.net



THE TROUBLE WITH CAPITALISM

I am a capitalist. I have made a lot of money being one. But to me, capitalism is only a game, and the money is just for keeping score. Given the fact that capitalism has been quite good to me, I criticize the system with great reluctance.

There is no question that capitalism is one reason why America has been the most successful country on the planet. Even so, capitalism is not without its problems. Unregulated, it is capable of doing great harm. It can even destroy the other reason America has become the envy of the world: our democracy.

Bush and his minions have spent the past seven years pushing unrestricted capitalism. As a result, we have lost our manufacturing base; jobs have fled south (and east and west); our middle

class has been trashed; our food, water and air poisoned. Struggling to make ends meet, America's workers feel the sting of capitalism unfettered.

Most troubling, our politicians—both on the left and right—say nothing about this pressing issue. Yet if our democracy is to survive, we need to humanize our system by taming what President Franklin Delano Roosevelt called the “economic royalists.” A system that punishes its citizens is un-American.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT



IT'S SNOW GOOD ▲

Forget hitting the slopes on a snowboard or old-school skis. Hop on the durable-yet-portable **Swiss Bikeboard**, which combines the excitement of snowboarding with the maneuverability of mountain biking for a real fun ride. If being the king of a snowy mountain isn't your thing, the manufacturer also offers bikeboards for water, street and off-road use. Available at **SwissBikeboard.com**. Suggested retail price: \$978.

ROCK A LITTLE ▶

Better than the iPod shuffle, this tiny, featherweight MP3 player is small enough to fit in your mouth. Not that you would want to do that. The 1GB marvel lets you load up to 250 songs through an easy drop-and-drag PC program, then plays them randomly via a shuffle mode. You can also skip tracks you don't want to hear.

The **Zen Stone** can operate for ten hours courtesy of a single charge to the unit's built-in battery. The best part is that the high-quality player costs about 40 bucks! Now everyone can afford to get *stoned*. Available at **US.Creative.com**. Suggested retail price: \$39.99.



◀ GET AN EARFUL

Originally designed by a Van Halen sound engineer to provide the band's drummer a better in-ear monitor, **Ultimate Ears** are now available to the consumer. Living up to their name, these proprietary, vented, single-speaker-design headphones offer some of the highest-quality sound

ever heard in a noise-canceling set. The Super.fi3 Studio headphones also utilize a special form factor that securely seals the ear against external noise. Use what the pros use. Get **Ultimate Ears**. Available at **UltimateEars.com**. Suggested retail price: \$129.99.



WHERE ARE WE?! ▲

Let's be honest here: We are guys, and guys don't stop and ask for directions. We just don't. But every once in a while we don't know where the hell we are. We've found two GPS systems that will help if you ever get in one of those rare situations.

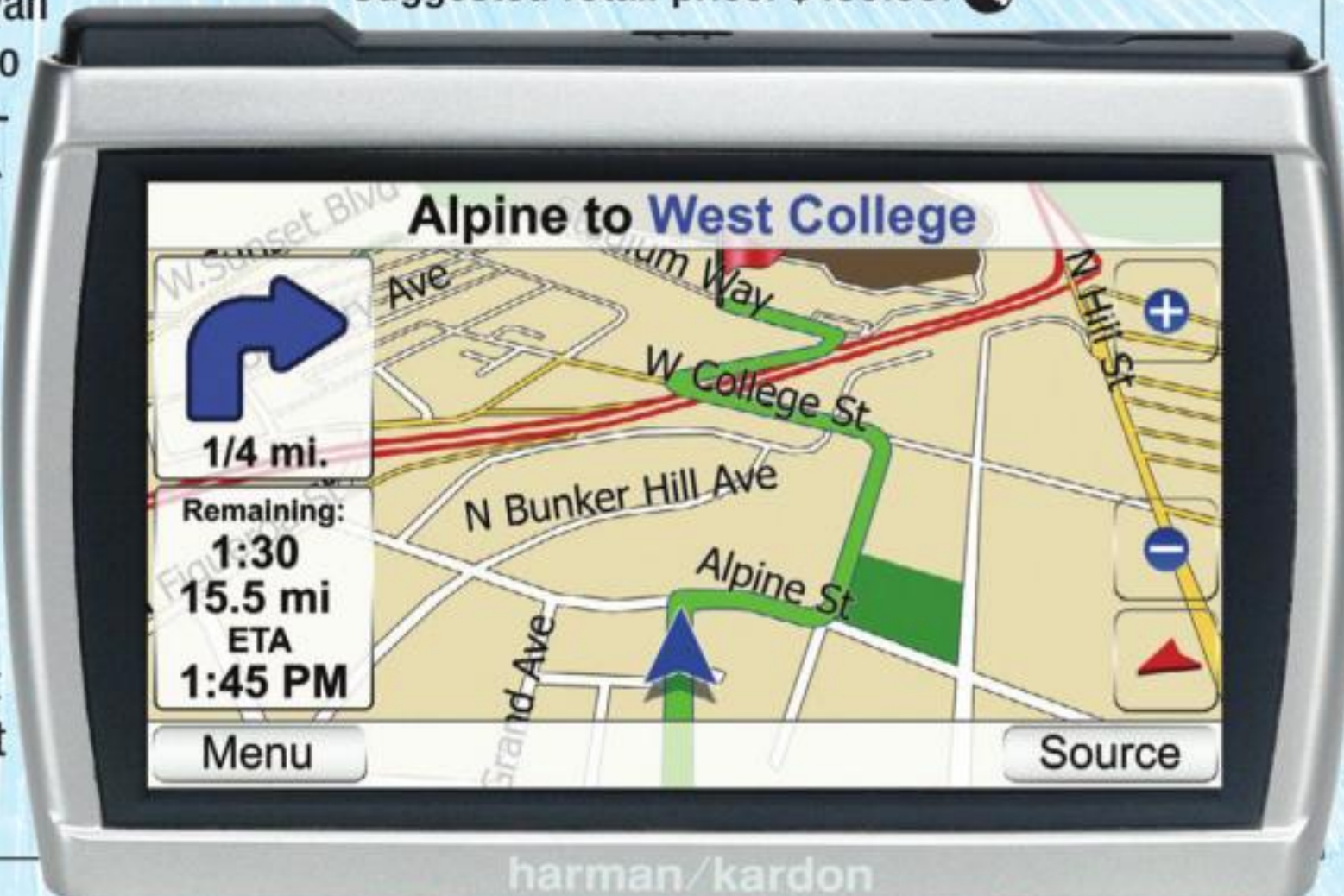
The **GPS-500** from Harmon Kardon is a tightly integrated system with an easy-to-use touch screen, high-speed 2-D and 3-D navigation and turn-by-turn spoken directions (available in English, French or Spanish). Since a digital audio and video player are built in, you will not only know where you are going, but also be able to make the trip more enjoyable in the time it takes you to reach your destination. With five hours of battery life, the **GPS-500** can easily be detached from your car and used as a portable entertainment device.

The **Mio Digi Walker C520** is a pocket-sized GPS device that is quick and easy to set up right out of the box. It comes preloaded with U.S. maps, denoting over 6 million points of interest. It also features a split-screen interface display, voice guidance and hands-free calling via Bluetooth technology.

Pick up either of these units and you'll never get lost again. Not that that ever happened before.

Harmon Kardon GPS-500 is available at **GuideAndPlay.com**. Suggested retail price: \$399.95.

Mio Digi Walker C520 is available at **Mio-Tech.com**. Suggested retail price: \$499.99. 🌐



HOW WE TUTORED THE TYRANTS

The CIA's "Family Jewels" Should Enlighten Self-Righteous Americans.

AMONG THE MANY POSSIBLE theories for why George W. Bush wanted so badly to rush into Iraq in 2003, one of the most popular was that "Saddam tried to kill his daddy." Or, as the satirical newspaper *The Onion* put it in a garish, fake action-movie poster with Dubya as an ersatz Rambo: *Gulf War II—The Vengeance*.

The alleged Hussein-sponsored attempt to assassinate the first President Bush a decade earlier was blithely offered around water coolers and barbecues as a handy debate stopper. Oil? Too greedy. WMDs? Too complicated. 9/11? No Osama. Revenge? Nice.

Conveniently forgotten was our own rich history of attempting to assassinate foreign leaders with whom we took umbrage. This summer, however, the American public received—from an unlikely source—a public-service reminder that our own Cold War shenanigans, including such murder plots, often provided a blueprint for the Saddam Husseins of the world, rather than a rebuke.

Belatedly responding to a 1992 Freedom of Information Request, the CIA released the so-called Family Jewels—a 700-plus-page collection of memos and other documents generated in-house in 1973 in order to prep the agency's chieftains on potentially embarrassing and/or illegal actions that might be uncovered by the aggressive journalistic and Congressional investigations then being spawned by Watergate.

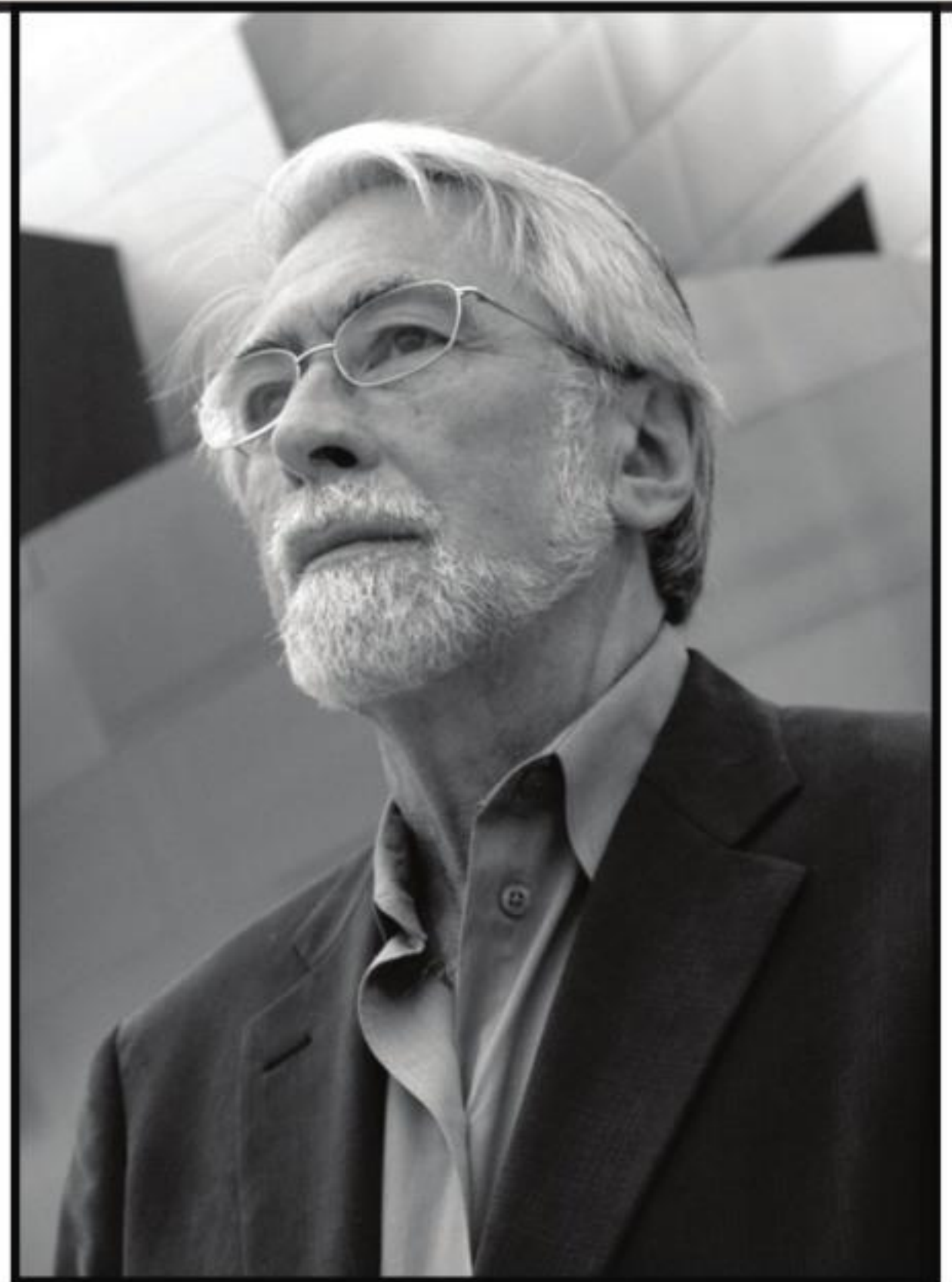
While most of its meatiest revelations were originally exposed by the Senate's Church Committee and various muckraking reporters like Jack Anderson and Seymour Hersh, the Family Jewels provides confirmation of some and disturbing new details on others—while also hinting at possible crimes only guessed at previously. (Perhaps most intriguing is that the document's very

first revelation is completely redacted; what could be so disturbing as to deserve such blanket censorship at this late date?) Some of the highlights we can now read include details on various CIA activities:

- Forceful attempts to assassinate foreign leaders, specifically Fidel Castro (before he had allied with the Soviet Union), through the auspices of the Mafia, and anti-colonialist Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba of the Congo with poison created and delivered by the agency's real-life version of James Bond's gadget master. Stalled only by the Bay of Pigs debacle, the Kennedy Administration authorized Castro kill schemes based on the deployment of FBI Most Wanted mobsters with longtime ties to Cuba's corrupt Batista dictatorship that a popular revolution had just overthrown. In other words—as in Guatemala in 1953, Iran in 1954, South Vietnam in 1963, Chile in 1973 and numerous other non-Communist countries during the Cold War—the CIA employed despicable means to engineer the accession of right-wing dictators.

- Domestic spying activities, which are explicitly banned by the CIA's 1947 charter to prevent it from becoming a Gestapo-style secret police agency. In particular, the documents detail the spying on journalists reporting on CIA activities, as well as anti-Vietnam War organizations. Mail was opened, phones were tapped, and reporters' offices were staked out.

- Creepy drug-testing programs performed on ill-informed or unwitting subjects designed to discover new mind-control techniques. One program tested drugs deemed unsafe by the FDA on military personnel, while another foisted LSD on the unsuspecting to see if the hallucinogen could be an effective truth serum.



- Harsh treatment of a Soviet secret agent who defected to the U.S. and was suspected by the agency of being a plant to mislead America. The defector was secretly held in solitary confinement and interrogated for several years before finally being believed, an "off-the-books" imprisonment that presaged on a small scale the torture gulag the CIA is reportedly running as part of the so-called War on Terror.

Unfortunately, while transparency about the past provides something of a corrective to the convenient whitewashing of our nation's history, it would be much more effective if applied to our current leaders' trouncing of our democratic ideals and systems. It is surreal, in fact, to hear a Bush-Cheney Administration—infamous for its pathological devotion to secrecy—releasing the Family Jewels in honor of the "social contract with the American people," in the words of CIA Director Michael Hayden. That's like Barry Bonds turning over Mark McGwire's steroid needles in order to preserve the sanctity of baseball.

Actually, when the story is fully told, the Bush-Cheney years will likely make the lies and crimes of their predecessors seem mild in comparison—especially when one considers that our current enemies are so much less threatening or powerful. Yet at a time when our leaders cite a single lucky attack as the rationale for all manner of crazy military adventures (is Iran next?) and civil-rights outrages, it is ever important to cut through the self-righteousness of U.S. posturing as the world's avenging angel. As a nation, the Family Jewels remind us, we have been quite willing to terrorize others. 🌐

GAME ON

BUGGIN' OUT!

Spider-Man 3

Manufacturer: Activision

Format: PS3, Xbox 360, Nintendo Wii

Based on the visually spectacular movie, the new *Spider-Man 3* game lets you become the superhero and embrace his dark side. For the first time ever in a game you can experience the web-slinger action in the classic red-suited version or his mysterious black-suited persona. Set in a dynamic, free-roaming New York City environment, this awesome first-person fighting game will have your spidey senses tingling.

ARMAGEDDON TIME

Mortal Kombat: Armageddon

Manufacturer: Midway

Format: Nintendo Wii

This new version of the game, updated exclusively for Nintendo's Wii, lets you take your action to a whole new level with the agility of the system's unique controller. The latest chapter in the



award-winning franchise—previous releases are available for PS2 and Xbox—features more than 60 fighters from the *Mortal Kombat* universe, a Kreate-A-Fatality mode and, for the first time ever, a customized Kreate-A-Fighter mode. Fans of the old-school *Mortal Kombat* game will be reinvigorated with this humdinger. Come on, mortals!



KICK-ASS KUNG FU

Virtua Fighter 5

Manufacturer: Sega

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

The game that helped create, and has continued to set the standard for, the 3-D fighting genre returns with a bang... and an array of kicks! The latest installment in the *Virtua Fighter* franchise takes full advantage of the capabilities of the latest system hardware by adding new characters,



reinventing the quest mode and introducing highly detailed fight environments. Players are now also able to maneuver around their opponents by using the new "Offensive Move" technique. Wax on! Wax off! Kick ass!



GAME, SET, MATCH

Virtua Tennis 3

Manufacturer: Sega

Format: PS3, Xbox 360

Grab your fuzzy balls and head down to the court. Even if you're not a tennis fan, you'll quickly find yourself being caught up in this fun and easy-to-play game. Create your own championship-caliber player and challenge such superstars as Andy Roddick, Venus Williams and the young, supersexy (and realistic-looking) Maria Sharapova. Is it wrong to be turned on by a virtual image of the gorgeous Russian? The Xbox 360 version lets you compete in live tournaments around the world and will have you feeling like a Grand Slam champion.



THE SPEECH POLICE

BOTH IN AND OUT OF POLITICS, most liberals and conservatives share a deep conviction that, as George W. Bush has said, “there are limits to free speech.” From both sides, there is now a focus on getting government to mandate a “fair balance” of views on talk radio. Says conservative Senator Trent Lott (R-Mississippi), the famous eulogist for Strom Thurmond and once an icon of white supremacists: “Talk radio is running America. We have to deal with that problem.”

Meanwhile, the liberal, Washington-based Clintonian Center for American Progress has reminded Congress that “radio stations are licensed to operate in the public interest” and that the predominance of conservatives on talk radio “does not meet any reasonable public-interest standard.”

As a practitioner of heretical free speech, I am also reminded by the Clintonian Center’s concerns that safeguarding this fundamental freedom in any society has necessitated a fierce battle to prevent government from licensing any speech.

Nonetheless, Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-California) attacks talk radio as “one-sided, dwelling in hyperbole” and “pushes people to extreme views.” She is leaning toward revival of the Fairness Doctrine to tame talk radio. During those golden, balanced years, she said on Fox News Channel during a dialogue with Trent Lott, “there was much more serious, correct reporting.”

Correct to whom?

From 1949 to 1987 the Federal Communications Commission enforced the Fairness Doctrine, which required radio stations to “devote a reasonable amount of time [according to FCC bureaucrats] to the discussion of controversial issues of public importance” and also “afford a reasonable opportunity for conflicting views” to be heard. A station failing to obey the doctrine could lose its license.

During the early years of that regimen, I was a full-time announcer and newsman at WMEX in Boston. Whenever the boss got a letter from the FCC with a listener’s complaint that we were being unfair, he called the station’s lawyers, had them review tapes of the offending broadcasts and became increasing-

ly agitated. Finally, he summoned all of us and commanded that from then on there would be no controversy of any kind on WMEX airwaves.

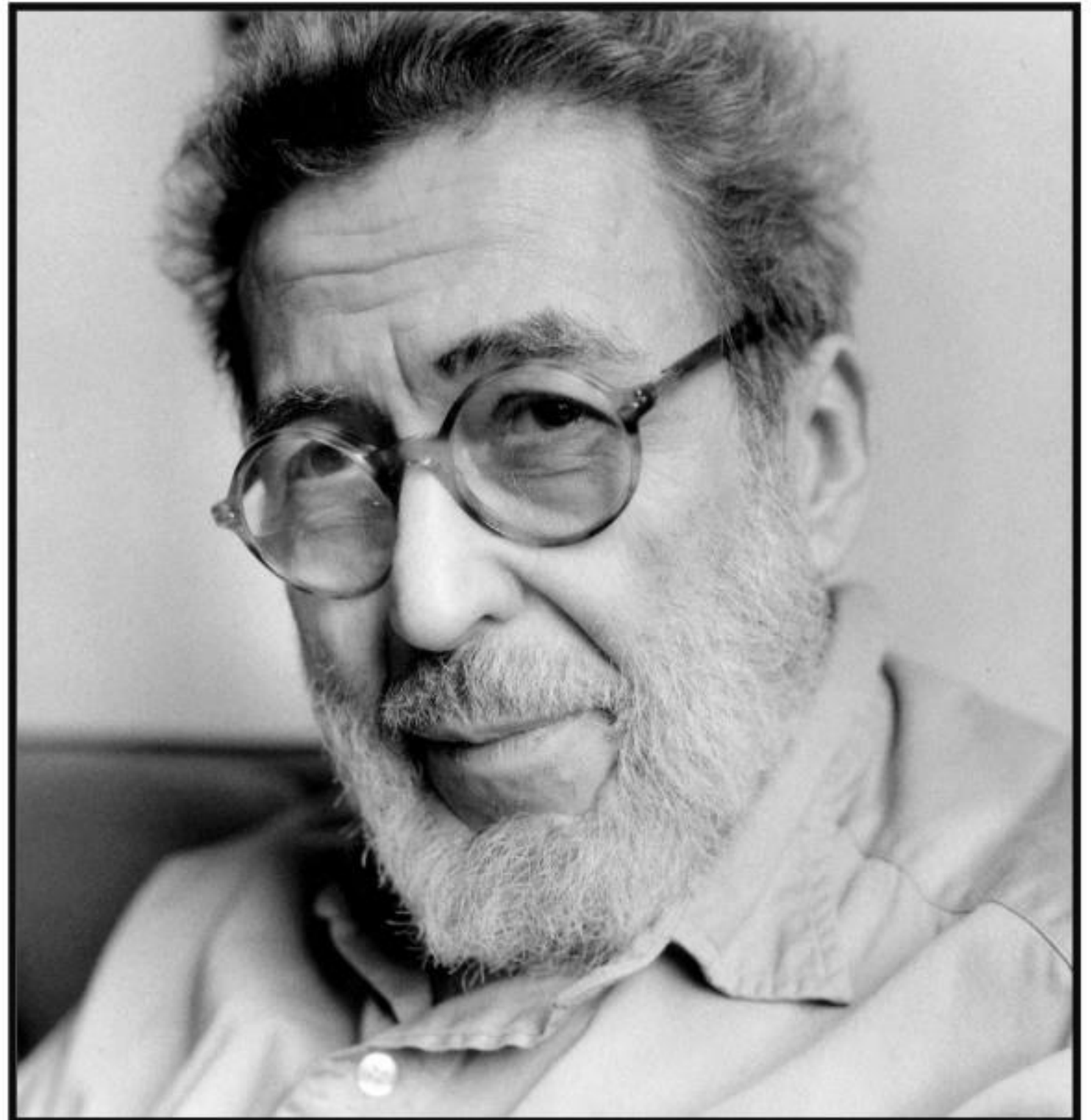
Other radio stations around the country greatly cut down on anything resembling controversies, and Democratic and Republican administrations alike used the doctrine to punish stations favoring their opponents. For example, during the 1969 anti-war demonstrations—as the *Wall Street Journal*’s John Fund and others have noted—President Richard Nixon “issued orders 21 times to aides to take specific action relating to what he considered unfair network news coverage.”

At last, in 1984, the Supreme Court—finally aware that with the growing profusion of radio and television stations, there was no scarcity of conflicting views on the air—ruled there was no need for the Fairness Doctrine (*FCC v. League of Women Voters*).

Three years later the FCC itself emphatically declared that “the intrusion of government into the content of programming occasioned by the enforcement [of the Fairness Doctrine] restricts the journalistic freedom of broadcasters...[and] actually inhibits the presentation of controversial issues of public importance.”

Undaunted, speech police around the country got Congress to revive the Fairness Doctrine in 1987! The margin in the House was 3 to 1, and it passed the Senate by nearly 2 to 1. But a former veteran of sports radio and television, President Ronald Reagan, vetoed the return of government intrusion into broadcast programming.

However, a stake was not driven into the heart of the Fairness Doctrine. In the House this year, Representative Maurice Hinchey (D-New York) reintroduced his Media Ownership Reform Act, which will prevent what he considers excessive ownership of the nation’s media outlets and also restore “fairness in broadcasting.” As before, broadcasting licenses will be taken away for failure to respect and revere the



Fairness Doctrine. A Feinstein revival of the doctrine could well emerge in the Senate.

I suggest to Congress that unlike the wholly controlling government in George Orwell’s *1984*, nobody in this country is compelled to listen to what they do not want to hear. And as to the undemocratic notion that “the public interest” mandates a government “balancing” of broadcast views, I bring forth as a witness a founder of this nation who exercised his heretical views at great peril when he wrote the Declaration of Independence.

“The legitimate powers of government,” Thomas Jefferson proclaimed, “reach actions only—and not opinions.”

Suddenly, on June 29 of this year, we were saved, for the time being, from the government managing political and other speech on the public airwaves when the House voted 39 to 115 to prohibit the Federal Communications Commission from restoring the Fairness Doctrine.

However, Democratic senators Feinstein and Dick Durbin (Illinois), among others, would still like to see the return of the bureaucrats deciding the right “balance” for us in broadcasting. And a new President with a differently composed Congress could eventually bring back this doctrine that was, as I’ve noted, restored for a time even after the Supreme Court and the FCC declared it unconstitutional. So be forewarned!

Indeed, on the very day of the vote in the House, WNYC—New York City’s public radio station—invited me to come on for a forthcoming debate with a representative of FAIR, a liberal organization that has a selective view of the First Amendment. I happily accepted the invitation to defend our First Amendment right to decide for ourselves the fairness of what we hear. 🎧

WHEN GEORGE W. BUSH EVENTUALLY PASSES ON



"Hey, glad to meet ya! Your policies were my guiding light!"



Viva HUSTLER!

I'm writing from a small town in Italy. I find that HUSTLER is a great magazine, not only for the women, but also for the courage you show in your articles about the United States.

I've always been a pro-American European. My grandma told me that when U.S. soldiers liberated my city during World War II, they gave everyone chocolate. But I've since changed my views. I'm not against America, but I am against the bad people who are destroying this world.

I don't know if Americans know this, but we've had a lot of trouble here with U.S. military bases. The Americans were originally here to defend us against the Communists, and they're still here because of terrorism. But now they're trying to buy up more of our territory because their German bases are too far away

from Iraq and Iran. The people are protesting, but the Italian government is deaf.

As a student of history, I know there are two kinds of Americans: the good and the bad. Although once loved as the champions of democracy, Americans are now viewed as false, selfish, greedy, warmongering people. I know not all Americans are like that, and that's why I support HUSTLER and its battles, whether for sex or politics.

We can protest all we want, but the world needs America to change from the inside. Keep fighting; the world needs your efforts. We will try to do the same in our country.

—Dr. Luca Cerardi
Cittadella, Italy

Wanted: Leader

This is probably the first time I've ever disagreed with Larry Flynt's *Publisher's Statement* [September '07]. We don't need a rock star or a CEO. By the time Bush got to the White House, he had already presided over the failure of several businesses. I had no illusions that his performance would be any better on this go-around.

CEOs by their very nature are managers who are charged with maintaining the status quo and maximizing profits



Mutual admiration society: Dixie amateurs Candi Caine (above), who finally gets to show off her posterior, and Jaimie (right).



without much concern for anything else outside of that narrow directive. We don't need one—even a competent one—at the helm of government.

What we need is a leader; we need someone who can say, "This is what we need to do." We need the kind of leadership that guys like Winston Churchill and John F. Kennedy showed the world. The United States is not a company; it doesn't need a CEO. It needs a leader.

—Steve Trunk
San Diego, California

Beaver Crush

I just got my new issue of HUSTLER, and there's a girl in it from Tennessee who really caught my eye! [Jaimie, *Beaver Hunt*, July '07.] She's

from Lynchburg, which is just down the road from me. Please tell her I think she has a great ass! —Candi Caine
Nashville, Tennessee

Jaimie has a message for Candi, who was an October '07 *Beaver Hunt* model: "Thanks, Candi, and I think you have really great tits!"

Hot Spots

For the best purveyor of porn, you sure do print some freaky articles. Take for instance what tree-hugger Robert Scheer had to say about global warming [*Why Won't Bush Warm to Fighting Climate Change?*, July '07]. The real reasons escape most people. Yes, the Arctic caps are melting, but it's not CO₂, and humans aren't the main factor. It's the sunspot cycle. We should do what we can, but the rest is up to Mother Nature—and naked girls aren't any part of it. So keep the girls coming and stop giving nuts like Robert Scheer space in your magazine to spew their hokey ideas. —C.W.S.
Stuart, Florida

Well, we gave you space.

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER Feedback, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to Hustler@LFP.com and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I'VE BEEN IN IRAQ on my second tour for about two months now, and the commanders have porn on a lockdown. Before I got on the plane, they took all my magazines and DVDs. Now I'm stuck here with nothing to watch or read. Please help! It's

very comforting to come back to HUSTLER after a long patrol getting IEDs [improvised explosive devices] and mortars dropped on us. I just want to stretch out in my rack and read the articles, laugh at the jokes and look at the pics of your hot models. Shay Laren is especially HOT! She's plastered on my wall right now. How about another pic of her?

—Sergeant Edward C. Kaufman, USMC
Somewhere in Iraq



SHAY
LAREN

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



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Everybody Loves a Little KFC.

(No Matter What It Does to Them!)

If you have been in one of our KFC locations in California lately, you might have noticed some changes. The floors are cleaner; the decor is brighter. Then there are the warning signs. Yeah, the FDA has forced us to post them to tell you about the hidden dangers in our fried and baked potatoes. They're loaded with acrylamide, a harmful carcinogen.

So we paid \$341,000 in penalties and put up the signs. Our ass is covered. Remember, the possibility of getting cancer never hurt anyone.

THANK YOU

ORDER HERE



HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is social commentary on a fast-food monster that has never really cared about its customers, much less their health. For more info, go to OEHHA.ca.gov and search for "acrylamide." This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

We award this month's anal honor to Paris Hilton for...(drum roll please) nothing! She does nothing. She has accomplished nothing. She is nothing except a grade-B actress in a homemade porn movie. The mother of all dumb blondes, she is, as the saying goes, famous for being famous. And nothing more. *Zero. Nada. Nichts.*

A walking argument for the estate tax and radical redistribution of wealth, Hilton is the icon for everything superficial and meaningless. This high school dropout is so vacuous, she makes Terri Schiavo look like Albert Einstein. In a world of poverty, menace and death, Hilton finds that life is just a party.

Hilton was first thrust into the public consciousness with her amateur sex video, reputedly made with then-boyfriend Rick Salomon. (How proud her parents must be. Do they have a framed picture of their daughter with a dick in her mouth?) This was followed by her TV show, *The Simpleton Life*; a salacious but failed ad for Carl's Jr.; a failed horror movie; and a failed record album.

Hilton does nothing for society. During the 2004 Presidential race, she modeled T-shirts for Sean "P. Diddy" Combs's "Vote or Die!" campaign, aimed at getting youth and minorities out to the polls. However, Paris herself didn't register to vote.

Absorbed in her extravagant lifestyle, the multimillionaire isn't on the board of the philanthropic, \$2.5-billion Conrad N. Hilton Foundation, which has offices in L.A., where Paris resides. This rich



Paris Hilton

bitch's idea of "giving back" is conceding to donate a percentage of the \$400,000 from an out-of-court settlement for her porn video, but the celebuard reportedly never contributed one cent from the infamous fuck flick to charity.

Hilton's debut single spawned a plagiarism lawsuit. CBS and AP reported that in 2006 a court granted event producer Brian Quintana a restraining order against Paris for allegedly harassing him.

Meanwhile, this mansion trash's biggest "accomplishment" has been her dangerous driving, which brought Hilton up against the law, mother-fucker. Weaving down a Hollywood street in her Mercedes on Septem-

ber 7, 2006, Hilton was busted for "unlawfully driv[ing]...under the influence of an alcoholic beverage and a drug."

On January 22, 2007, when the no-show pled—through her attorneys—no contest to the reduced charge of alcohol-related reckless driving, Superior Court Judge Michael Sauer sentenced Hilton to three years probation and ordered her into an alcohol-education program.

The haughty heiress, who failed to enroll in the mandated alcohol-education course, was caught twice driving without a valid license. The clueless heir-head claimed she didn't even know she was breaking the law. (Well, lah-dee-fucking-dah!)

Unimpressed, Judge Sauer revoked Paris's probation and sentenced her to 45 days in the pokey.

At an MTV awards ceremony (where she was deservedly razed) shortly before beginning her sentence, Hilton claimed she wanted "to be treated like everyone else. I'm going to do the time [and] I'm going to do it the right way." Yeah, right. These words proved to be emptier than her head. Even though her royal highness was housed in the jail's "special needs" unit with its two-person cells reserved for celebs, the pampered princess—deprived of her usual wretched excess—apparently experienced a meltdown. (Did Paris break a nail?)

Within three days, L.A. Sheriff Lee Baca released Hilton to serve the rest of her sentence under house arrest at her luxurious Hollywood Hills mansion. (Oh, the injustice!) But an outraged Judge Sauer had the spoiled brat handcuffed and thrown into a police car, the prisoner weeping while being hauled back to court. There, Sauer ordered her returned to jail, prompting the crybaby to throw a courtroom temper tantrum, screaming at the top of her lungs: "Mom! It's not right!"

What wasn't "right," Miss Hilton? That you're not above the law? That like every other citizen and felon, you have to obey the rules? That if you behave like a menace to society, you'll be treated like one and held accountable? And that you aren't better than the rest of us?

On behalf of the peasantry, go fuck yourself, Paris! (And please don't make a video of it.)

Farts in the Wind

Los Angeles City Attorney **Rocky Delgadillo**, who prosecuted Paris Hilton, doesn't obey the law; he just enforces it selectively. Like the heiress, Delgadillo's wife committed driving-related offenses. In 2004, while her license was suspended (for driving without insurance following a prior accident), Michelle Delgadillo was at the wheel of Rocky's city-assigned GMC Yukon when she was involved in a collision. Taxpayers paid \$1,222 to repair the SUV. Furthermore, Michelle has reportedly failed to pay her taxes, while hubby used his secretaries,

aides and administrative assistants to baby-sit the couple's children, install a trampoline, etc., at the Delgadillos' million-dollar home. Interestingly, these revelations coincided with the Paris brouhaha. Did the Hiltons have the city attorney investigated? In any case, Delgadillo deserves to be disbarred and behind bars. This Rocky is dumber than Bullwinkle.

James Carville added his name to the list of GOP hacks such as Henry Kissinger, Donald Rumsfeld and John Bolton who beseeched Judge Reggie Walton to go soft on Dick Cheney's convicted

ex-chief of staff, Scooter Libby. The Democratic strategist signed a letter on wife Mary Matalin's stationery stating his "deep respect for [Libby's] intellect, his integrity." Like when Libby helped expose undercover CIA agent Valerie Plame, lied about it to prosecutors, obstructed justice and allowed a reporter to be imprisoned for almost three months because of the scandal? Carville's pro-Libby petition is worse than his taste in women. How can he fuck that Republican wretch Matalin? Only her politics are uglier than her face. 🍌



"I'm all out of ass grease, but I found an old tube of this stuff that's supposed to be good for hemorrhoids!"



PRIVATE DANCER'S ANNIVERSARY GALA

TO HELP CELEBRATE TEN YEARS as the bible of lap dancing, polishing the brass pole and collecting crumpled dollar bills, *Private Dancer* magazine threw itself a party in Los Angeles. Hosted by XXX star Stormy Daniels, the event featured performances by a string of sexy strippers and a whole lot of self-congratulatory backslapping.

NEWS BABES



THIS MONTH'S PICK, Natasha Curry, delivers the hard news on Seattle's KOMO-TV. This exotic Washington State beauty, submitted by reader J.S., has us reaching for more than our remotes again and again.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Winter Tip #1

Fucking a snowman makes you gay.
Fucking a snowwoman just makes your dick cold.



PORN FROM THE PAST



THANKS AND \$150 go to C.P. of Rutland, Vermont, for this giving-girl photo. Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"Sexual intercourse is kicking death in the ass while singing." —CHARLES BUKOWSKI, WRITER

"Sex is identical to comedy in that it involves timing." —PHYLLIS DILLER, COMEDienne



CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD

Jamie-Lynn Sigler

LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

AS MEADOW, THE MOB BOSS'S DAUGHTER on the HBO drama *The Sopranos*, Jamie-Lynn Sigler had us repeatedly wanting to rub her out. Now that the show is history, it behooved us to place an Italian sausage (and maybe a couple of meatballs) in her mouth. *Bada bing, bada boom!* Is there anything sexier than that? *Fuhgettaboutit!*

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Jamie-Lynn Sigler actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose—not even masturbation. Okay, maybe masturbation.



DON'T BE AN ASSHOLE

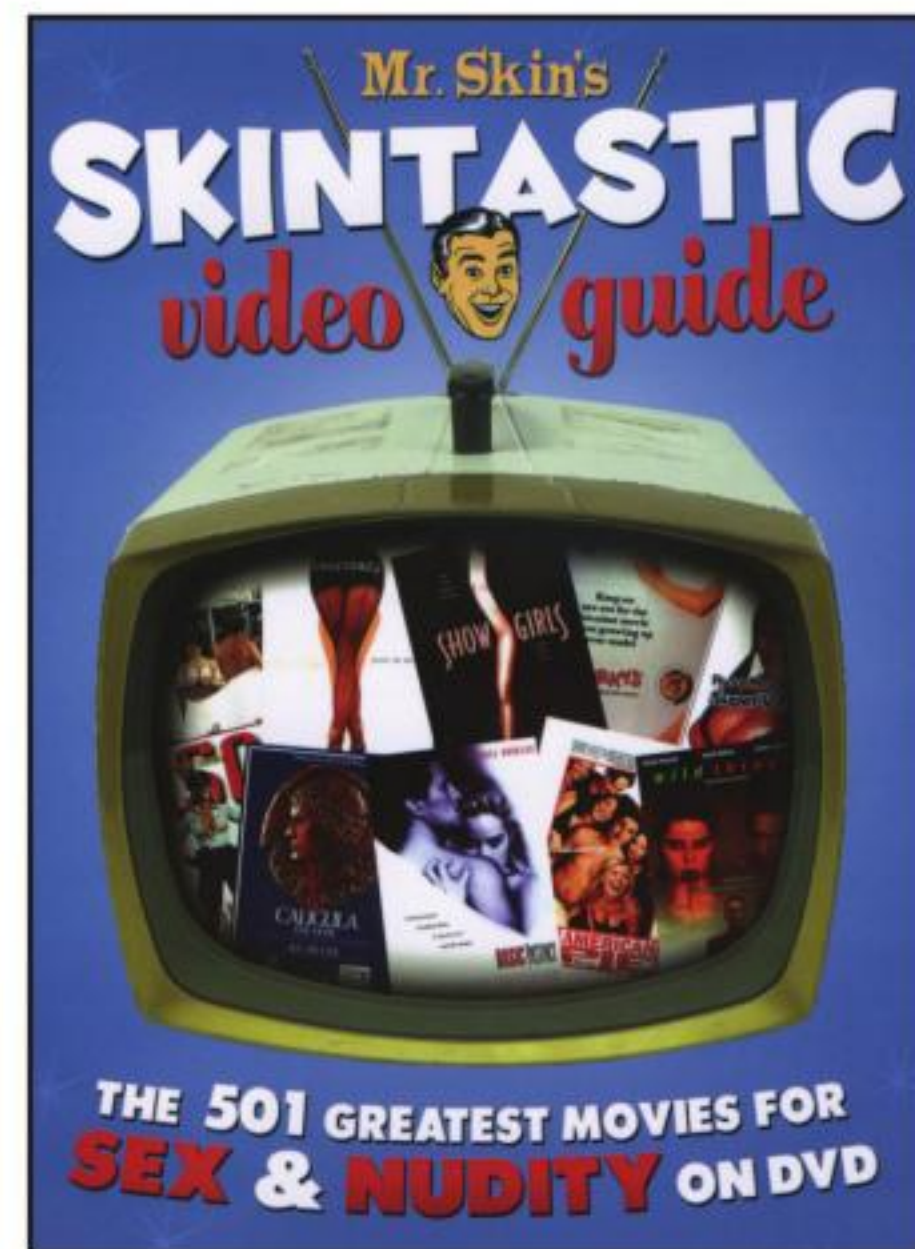
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU WANTED to walk up to your boss and tell him what an asshole he is? Well, now **SendaHole.com** will do the job for you, anonymously. For just under eight bucks the Web site will send that not-so-special someone an actual-sized rubber rectum, letting the recipient know exactly how you feel.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Winter Tip #2

When writing your name in the snow, always use an alias.



HUSTLER BOOK CLUB HUSTLER MR. SKIN'S SKINTASTIC VIDEO GUIDE



► **FORGET EBERT & ROEPER.** The fine folks at **MrSkin.com** are the true authorities on the best mainstream movies out there. Now they've published *Mr. Skin's Skintastic Video Guide*, listing 501 flicks filled with sex and nudity. The down-and-dirty manual ranks each film and also features a breast, bush and butt count. This is a must-have for any voyeuristic cinema buff.

NEWSBITES

Get Your Goat

Talk about your shotgun wedding! A Sudanese man has suffered the ultimate punishment: He was forced into marriage after being caught having sex. Oh, did we mention that the blushing bride was a goat? The nuptials were mandated after the animal's outraged owner took the Romeo to a council of elders, who also ordered the goat-fucker to pay a dowry of 15,000 Sudanese dinars (about \$75) because he had used the lovable livestock as his wife. Some guys really are beasts.

Key to Romance

A German couple decided to try something different in their bedroom. They tied each other up with chains, then locked the restraints. Everything was going as planned until the kinky duo realized they had lost the key. After several hours of futilely trying to free themselves, they had no choice but to call the local authorities. After their botched bondage session, the unsuccessful escape artists ended up in an emergency room with swollen and lacerated wrists and ankles. Note to the guy dimwit: Hey, Herr Houdini, next time maybe you wanna try rope?

Virgin Territory

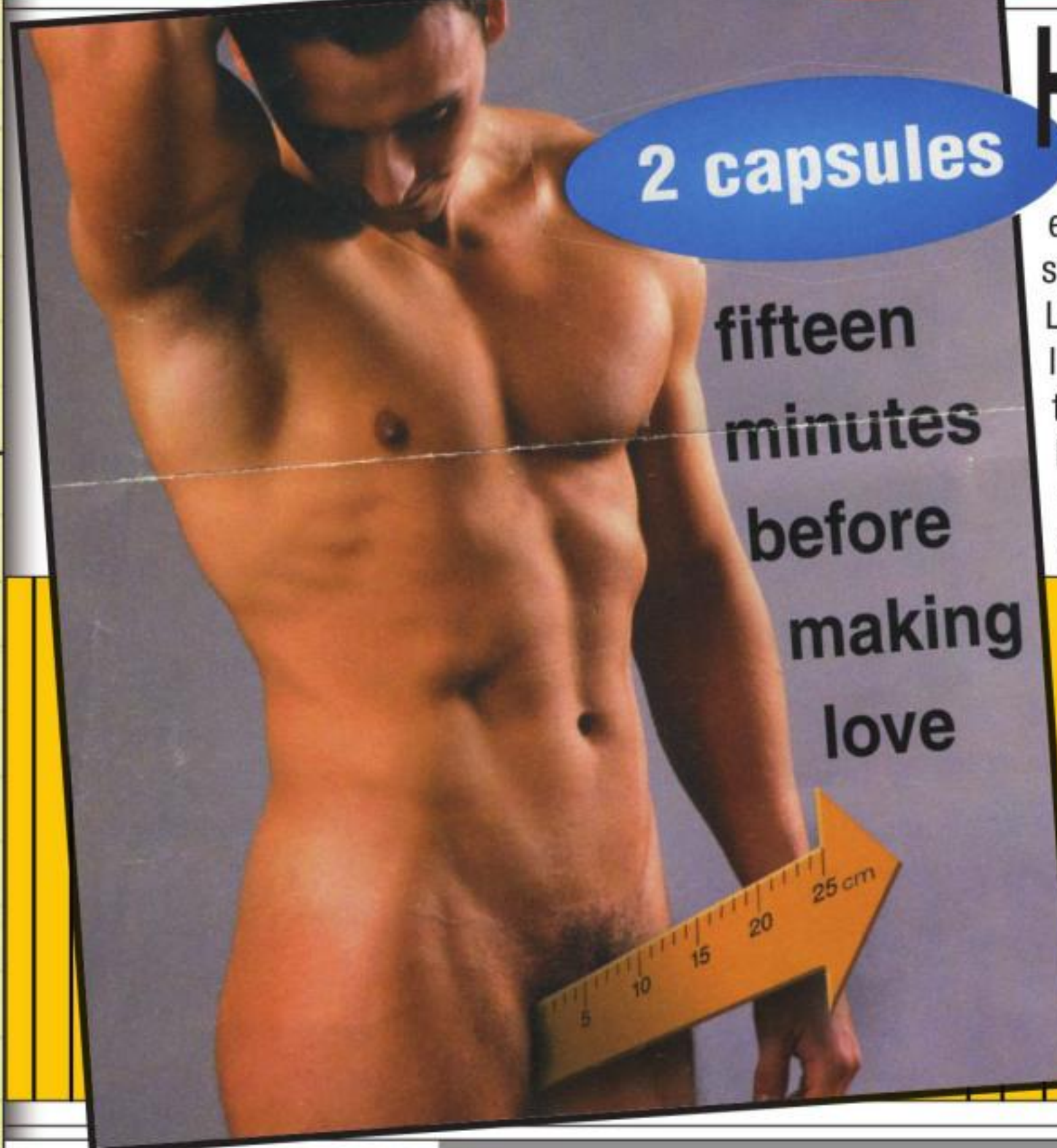
Here's hope for anyone who viewed *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* as a biopic. A Dutch escort service has launched a special service for computer geeks who've never been laid. The "dates" last three hours and include baths, massages and sex. Guess after a day of dealing with hard drives, those IT nerds need a chance to download.

Shitty Thief

This may just be the perfect "Newsbites" story. A woman in Iowa could get up to two years in prison for stealing toilet paper from a local courthouse. Did we mention that her last name is Butts? Caught red-handed with a sack of TP, the alleged crappy criminal faces such a harsh sentence due to her prior convictions. Stealing toilet paper? What an ass.

CHIP IN

THIS BEAVER HUNT POKER CHIP was made for us by the fine folks at ChipCustomizer.com. For around 60 bucks you can easily create your own gambling markers. We suggest scanning images of some HUSTLER hotties and then playing a round of pussy poker.



HE RULES?

WE FOUND THIS MALE enhancement ad in a mainstream Spanish magazine. Look, we're all for guys with little dicks (who are not us) trying to make themselves bigger. But why take this pill if it will turn your penis into a ruler?



BUCKY BEAVER'S Winter Tip #3

Be nice to the elderly. You could be named in a will and have something knitted to keep you warm.



"MOST TASTELESS CARTOON"



As an adult, Macaulay Culkin's first prostate exam reveals why Michael Jackson only wore one glove.

"There's nothing inherently dirty about sex, but if you try real hard and use your imagination, you can overcome that." —LEWIS GRIZZARD, HUMORIST

"Sex always has consequences. When Hitler's mother spread her legs that night, she effectively canceled out the spreading of 15 to 20 million other pairs of legs." —GEORGE CARLIN, COMIC



HUSTLER

Club Girl #6

THIS MONTH'S CUTIE is the dark and mysterious Raven Night, who works evenings at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Cleveland. For fun the flexible Ohioan loves to dance, listen to music and "have sex—good sex, real sex, hot sex and rough sex!" Raven would really like to meet you. If you stop by, be sure to mention you saw her in HUSTLER. But be warned: This beauty is wild!

**Sign
of the
Times**



THAT AND MAYBE buy her some flowers. Nah, just lube her. Thanks to G.S. of Sudbury, Canada, for sending this shot.

Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

BUCKY BEAVER'S Winter Tip #4

When rubbing noses with an Eskimo chick, don't forget to remove your cigar.



Everybody Loves HUSTLER

INCLUDING MÖTLEY CRÜE frontman Vince Neil. We caught up with the rocker as he hosted his annual charity golf tournament in Simi Valley, California.

HUSTLER: What is today's event all about?

VINCE NEIL: This is our 11th annual tournament, and it's all about giving back. It is for the Skylar Neil Foundation—named after my daughter—which I started in conjunction with the T.J. Martell Foundation for cancer and leukemia research. I thought it was important, because my daughter passed away from cancer, to give back and raise funds for research to try to kill the disease.

Who is going to play you in the upcoming Mötley Crüe film?

They are not casting any known people to play the band because they thought it would be confusing to get any known actors. They are having known people play the cameos of other people.

Like Christopher Walken as Ozzy Osbourne?

That's what they were saying when they first started casting. I don't know where it is at now.

What is the greatest song you have ever written?

I'd probably say "Girls Girls Girls."

Was that the easiest one to write?

That was pretty easy. You just go down the list of strip clubs. (Laughs.)

Is today's golf tourney really just a good excuse to hang out with half-naked porn chicks and strippers?

It's a great excuse! (Laughs.) It's a good thing to have a bunch of hot chicks and see friends you haven't seen in a long time and raise a lot of money.



BUSH AND CONDI



"I don't feel like a husband cheating on his wife. I feel like Strom Thurmond fucking his nigger maid!"



GOING DOWN SOUTH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

SOFIA



This stunning Southern belle is anything but demure. "I absolutely and positively love oral sex," **Sofia** declares in a syrupy drawl. "There's nothing hotter than when a guy goes down on me, burying his face in my moist mound. I'm telling you that a man who knows how to eat my Georgia peach is a man I'll keep around forever!"

How did **Sofia**, who always has a hankering to return the favor, end up in our legendary publication? "I let a beau talk me into it," she replies. "He loved looking at my body and always said I could be in **HUSTLER**. So I went for it. Ironically, he became really jealous when I showed him my test shots, and we broke up. Oh well, his loss. Now I'm free to date. Hey, maybe one of your readers is interested? If so, please have him call me!" How about one of our editors, **Sofia**? Actually, we can't do that, can we? Bummer!





Softening the blow, we ask **Sofia** (she of the magnificent bum) to divulge her future plans. “Wow! I never really think about that,” the Dixie darling coos. “My life is good. I get to model a little, party a little and travel a little. Like everyone else, I’d love to be famous, but I don’t know what for. I guess I’ll just see what happens and enjoy the ride.”







SOFIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Atlanta

AGE: 24

BIRTH SIGN: Taurus

HEIGHT: 5-7



ASTONISHING BREAKTHROUGH

Too big. Too long. Too thick. I was eyeing

the bulges that passed by my booth at the local pub, looking for a cock that was just right. Of course, it's true what they say about this chick: I've never met a dick I didn't like, but tonight was special. I was determined to try anal for the very first time!

Now don't act so surprised. I know my reputation, but, hey, even a 21-year-old slut has hang-ups. And I just never thought my tiny, perfect rosebud was meant to be rudely stretched. It couldn't possibly feel good. Besides, I didn't think I was missing anything. I mean, I'd enjoyed sloppy, wet blowjobs and pussylicking, straight sex, titty-dicking and toys. Who needed ass-reaming?

But then Angel, my BFF, came over one night and started bragging about how awesome it felt to have a big, fat prick pushing into her little shitpit. I mean, she went on and on, describing

tongue-rimming and butt-dicking in such incredible detail, I got sopping wet. And that got me to thinking that maybe I should try anal—but with a little pecker, one that wouldn't hurt.

So there I was last Friday night, scop-ing bulges at the pub and dismissing one potential fuck partner after another, when who should pass by but the biggest nerd in high school. These days I guess Len had been proving himself to be some kind of genius in college, but I still remember when the jocks would push him around and call him Pencildick. *Pencildick?!*

"Hey, Len," I yelled, "why don't you come sit beside me and buy me a beer?"

Len looked mildly surprised, but slid into the booth next to me and hollered for a couple of microbrews. We started chatting, and all of a sudden Len didn't seem so nerdy. He seemed intelligent, articulate and nice. But hell, conversation wasn't what I'd come for, so I nibbled on Len's ear and told him what I wanted. Then, when I mentioned his high-school nickname, he got the strangest little smirk on his face. It stayed there all the way back to my place, where I stripped in about 30 seconds.

By the way, I'm proud of my body. My legs are long, my ass is firm, my titties are perfect C cups, and my tummy stays flat no matter how many beers I consume. I stepped out of my jeans and straightened to see Len's reaction.

Fuck! Double-fuck! The bulge in my old classmate's sweats was *ginormous!*

What the hell was I supposed to do now?! *Pencildick, my ass!* My poor little pooper started to ache. Sensing my apprehension, Len smiled and told me to relax. He explained that the jocks back in high school had just been envious, and he assured me he knew a thing or two about anal.

All the while, Len was easing off his sweats and boxers. When I caught sight of his monster cock, I trembled. I was tempted to bail and opt for a pussy fuck, but then Len lifted me up in his strong arms and lay me facedown on the bed.

Starting at my left ankle, he lapped his way up my leg, kissing, nipping, till my pussy was tingling, and I could feel myself getting wet. His tongue caressed every inch of my ass before he spread my cheeks and drew slow circles around my rosebud. Damn, that felt good! Suddenly, his taster speared my bunghole, and he pushed in as deep as he could.

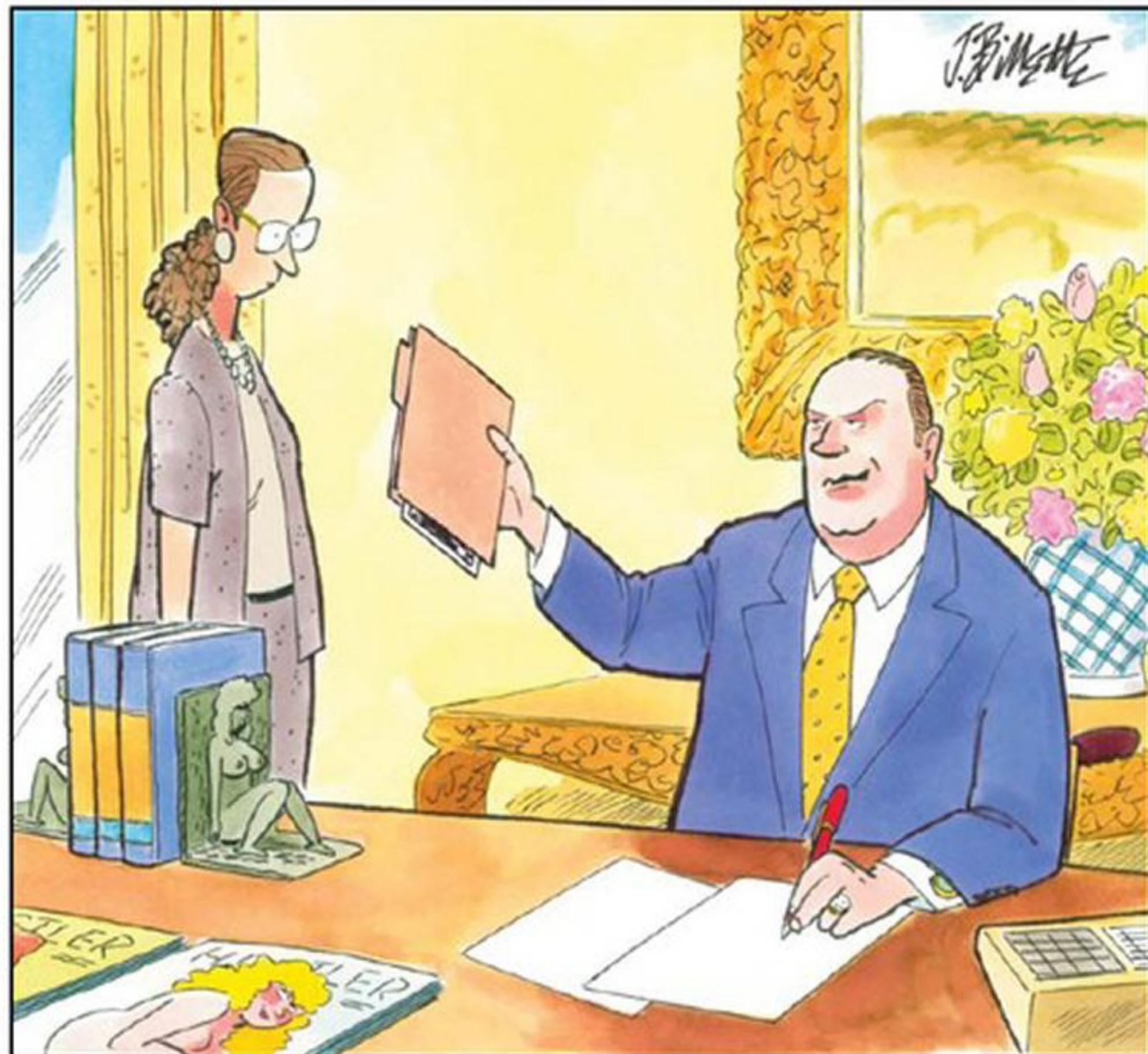
Wow! A warmth washed over my body. Pressing my clit into the mattress, I almost climaxed right then and there.

In and out his tongue dicked my browneye, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Soon I was lifting my hips off the bed. And then suddenly it wasn't his tongue; it was Len's finger. No, two fingers. *Fuck!* I started playing with my clitty bud, and I was trembling, moaning and coming. Juices literally squirted from my snatch—my first time for that!

In the middle of my orgasm, Len's fat cock head finally penetrated my asshole. "Yes!" I screamed, "all the way in, baby!" But Len stopped maybe halfway and simply fired a huge load of jizz into my pooper.

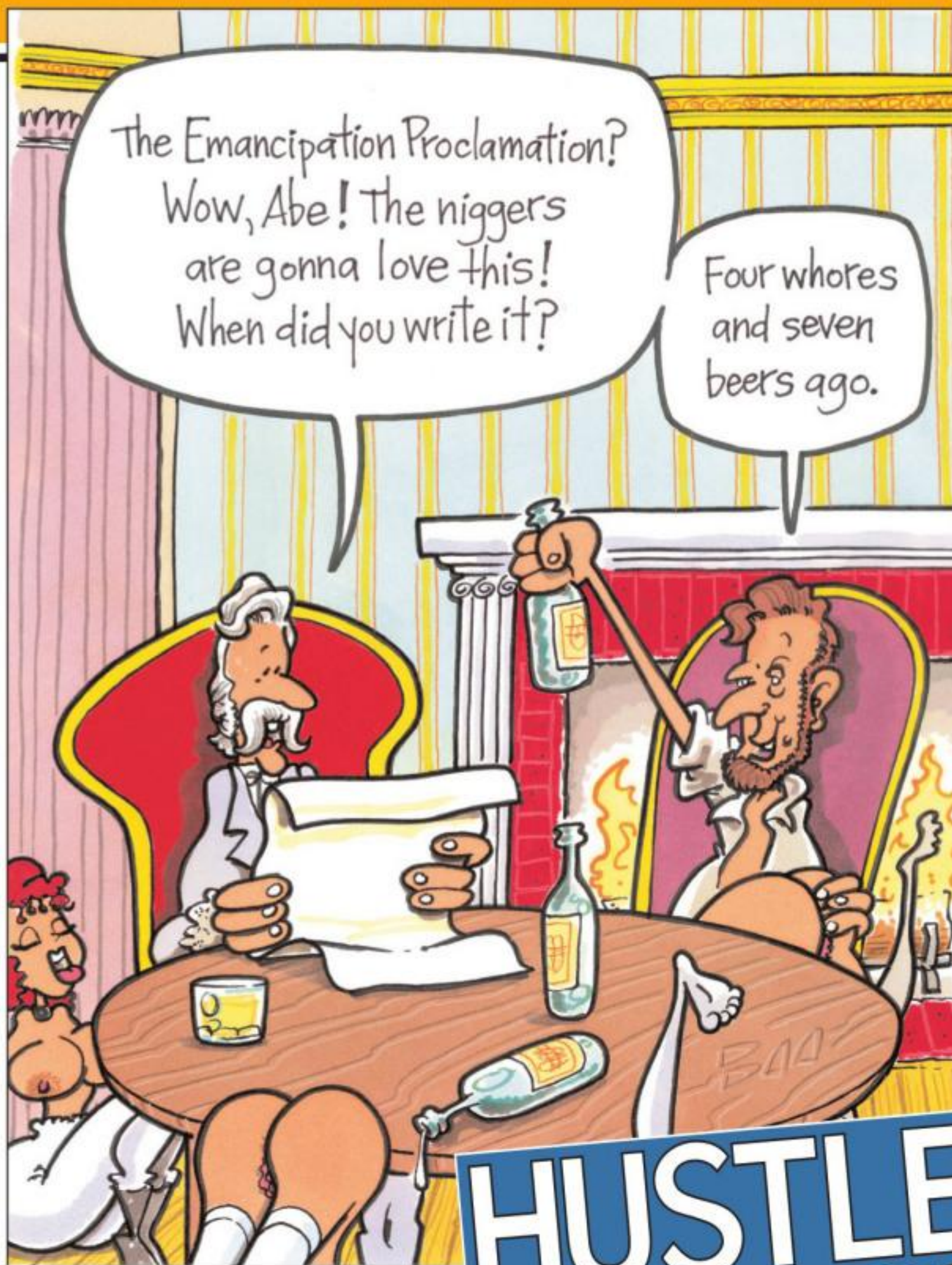
Thank God he stayed hard, because now that I had finally tried anal, I was hooked. I had finally found the perfect prick for the perfect pleasure. — A.J.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

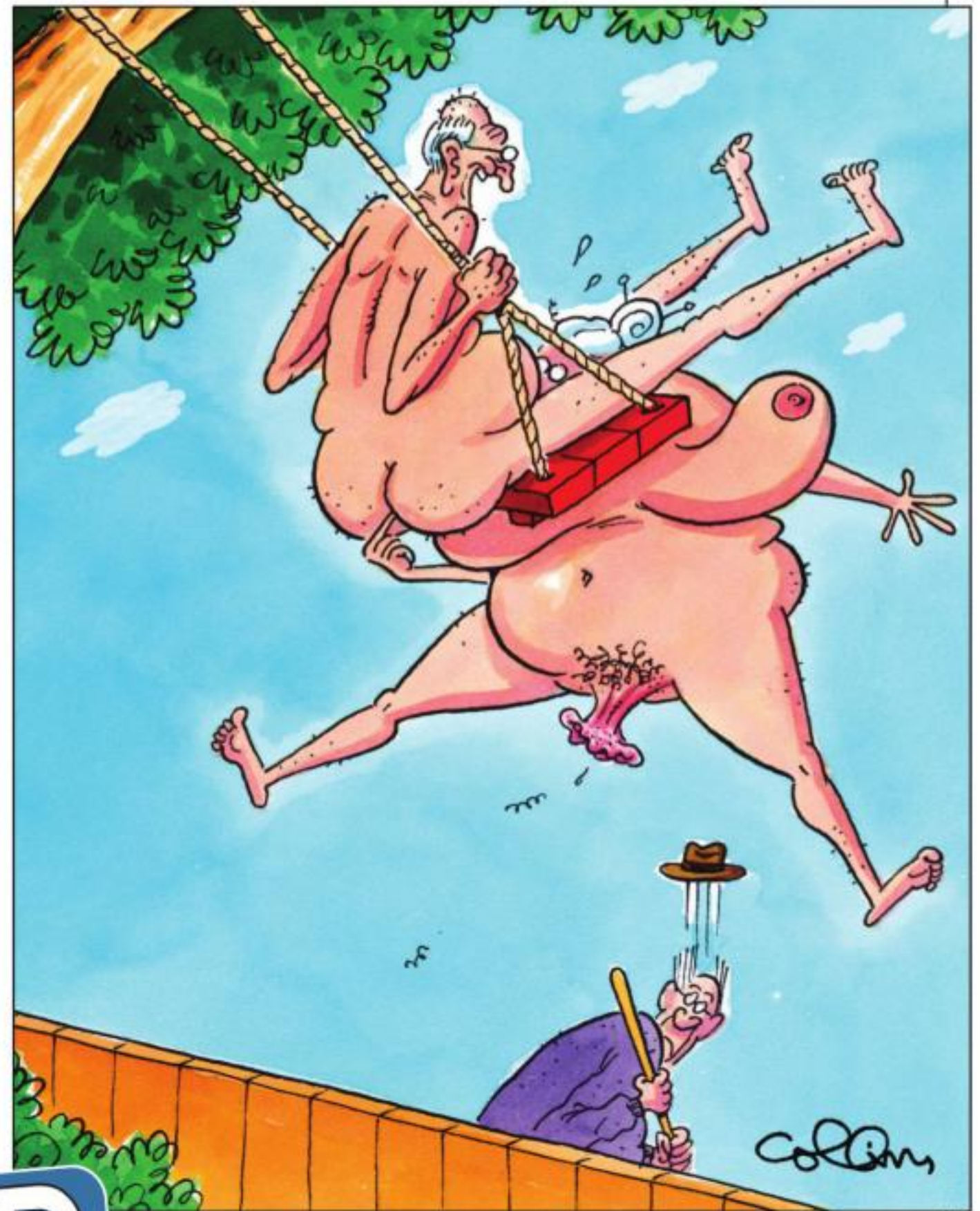


"These are paparazzi photos of Ann Coulter blowing some homeless guy. Run them up the legal department's ass!"

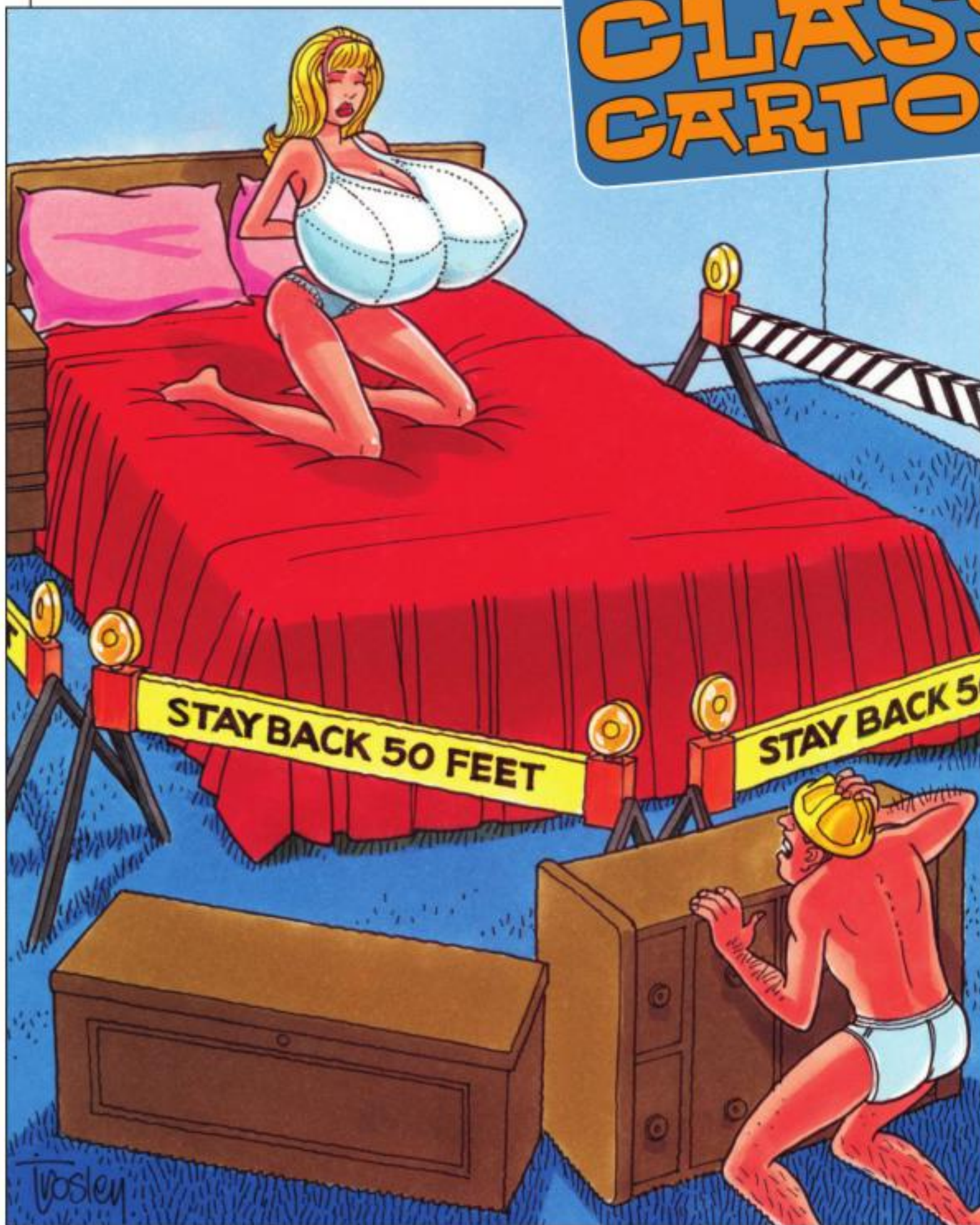
Send your personal sexperiences to
HUSTLER Hot Letters, 8484 Wilshire Blvd.,
Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. ☺



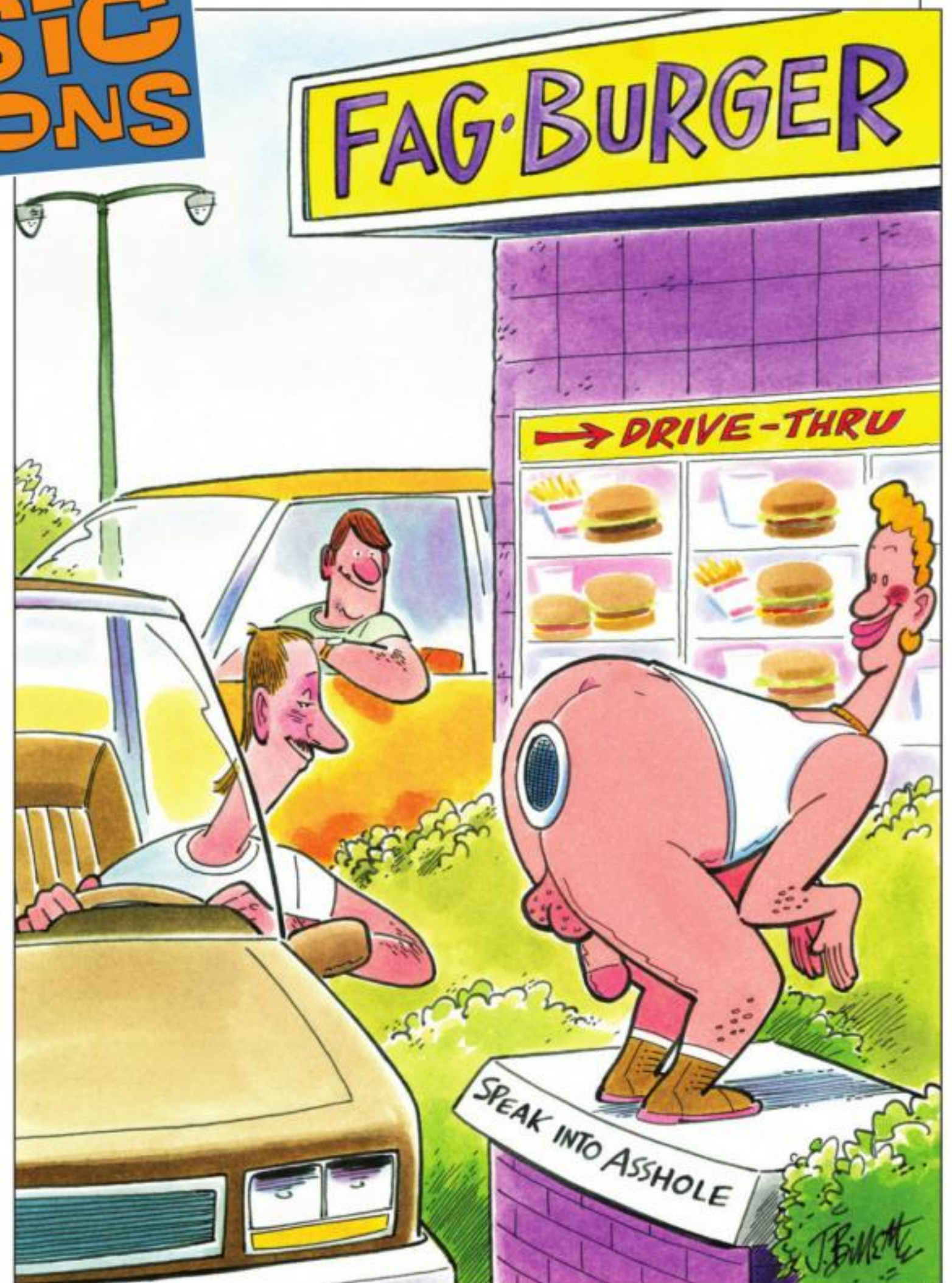
HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS

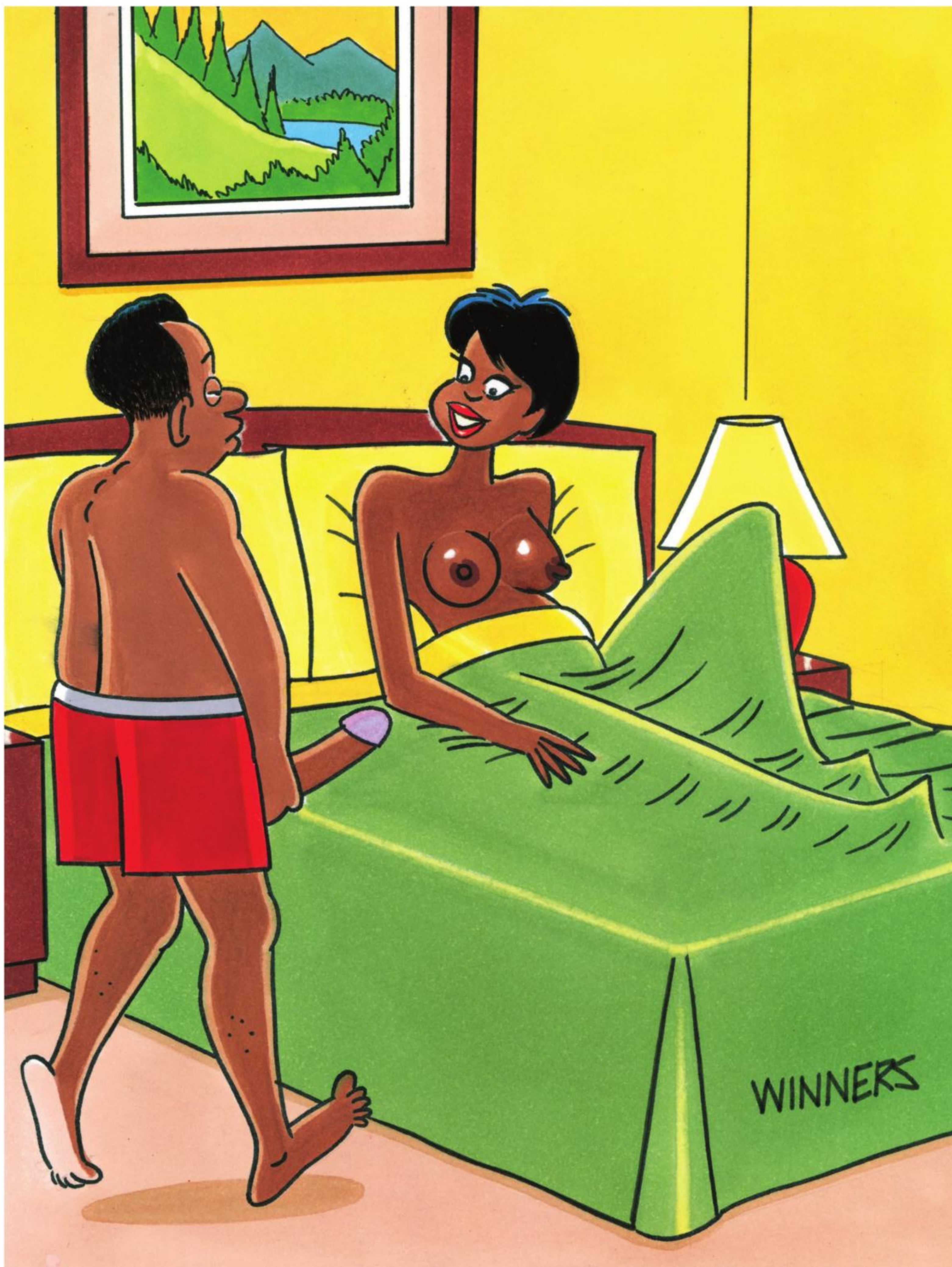


"We never would have tried this with
your old denture adhesive!"



"Okay, go ahead. Unhook it!"





"You can put that thing away. Your tongue is all you're gonna need tonight!"

**DOUBLE
FEATURE!**

HUSTLER invites you to
the **movies**



HustlerHollywood.com

MICHAEL MOORE

ON AMERICA'S HEA

The people's advocate who gave us *Fahrenheit 9/11* calls health insurance companies "a criminal racket"

BY MICHAEL MOORE

On June 12, 2007, filmmaker Michael Moore delivered the following remarks during State Senator Sheila Kuehl's informational briefing of the California legislature, under the title "*SiCKO*: What Has Happened to Healthcare?" Moore's documentary *SiCKO*, detailing the crisis in America's healthcare industry, was released on June 29.

In making this film for the last couple of years...actually the film grew out of a story I did back in 1999: I had a TV show called *The Awful Truth*, and I became aware of a young man who was fully covered by Humana Health Insurance, one of the largest health insurance companies in the country, and he works full-time at a national drugstore chain. His diabetes had reached a point where his doctor decided he needed both a kidney and a pancreas transplant. Humana, his health insurance company, approved the kidney transplant but denied the pancreas transplant. [*Laughter from the audience.*] The reason why the nurses are laughing is because they know without the pancreas, the kidney—and the life—doesn't continue to exist.

It's one of many ways that health insurance companies try to trick up the system—make it look like they're doing something for their clients when in fact their bottom line, their primary goal, is to make as much money as possible.

I took this young man to Humana headquarters with my camera crew, and I asked them if they would please pay for his pancreas transplant. They said not only would they not do that, they showed us the door. But out on the front lawn of this headquarters of Humana in Louisville, Kentucky, as we were ushered out, we then decided to hold the man's funeral a few months in advance of when he'd actually be dead.

Michael Moore has called for individuals, pension funds, the government and other investors to divest from publicly traded health insurance companies.

LTHCARE NIGHTMARE



So with the man present, and his priest, and the pallbearers and the bagpipes and the casket, we conducted his funeral on the lawn of Humana Health Insurance Systems. They were so appalled and embarrassed and frightened by what we had just done—and how this would look on national television—that within three days they agreed to pay for the pancreas transplant and thus save the man's life.

Although that ran for only ten minutes on a cable channel called Bravo, I began to think at that moment [that] if we could save one man's life in ten minutes with nothing more than this tool—this camera and a microphone—what else could we do? And so I thought, *What could we do in 120 minutes? How many lives could we save?*

And initially I started out by [thinking], well let's go after Aetna, let's go after Blue Cross of California, let's really take on these people. And then I thought, *But wait a minute; that's going to miss the point here.* The problem isn't just Blue Cross of California or Humana or Pfizer or Eli Lilly or the hospital corporations of America and the First Family. The problem isn't just them; the problem is the system itself. It's the system that's broken, and fixing one little piece of it here and one little piece of it there is not going to provide universal health coverage for all Americans. It simply won't happen in our lifetime if we continue along this path, and so I began to feel that what had to happen here was a complete change in the system.

I don't know how many people are aware of this, but the number one cause of bank-

ruptcy now in the United States is medical bills. The number one cause of homelessness is medical bills.

In [*Sicko*] we obtained some of Nixon's famous White House tapes. But these aren't the discussions about Watergate. I will show in this film [a] February 17, 1971, conversation between John Ehrlichman and Richard Nixon. They're about to put forth the bills that would bring us the modern-day HMOs, and Ehrlichman says to Nixon, "Now there's one more piece of this we have to figure out. We want to talk to the Vice President about this, and it's about these health maintenance organizations like Edgar Kaiser's Permanente thing," as he put it, and Nixon interrupts him and goes, "Aw, I don't want to talk about any of these damn medical programs." And Ehrlichman goes, "No, wait, wait, this is a private enterprise one." And Nixon goes, "Oh, okay, I like that." And then Ehrlichman essentially boils down what would become the health insurance system that we now have today.

Ehrlichman says to Nixon, "The genius of Edgar Kaiser is, what they want to do here, is to try and provide as little care as possible so they can make the biggest profit possible." And suddenly Nixon lights up, and he says, "Okay, this is great, fine, not bad, let's do this." And that's what they did. Once they understood what the basic premise was, that it was to provide less care for more profit, that was something that they loved, and that is the system that we have.

The reason why we have to eliminate health

insurance companies—I mean they literally have to be removed from the equation—is that there's no room for them because there should never be room for the word *profit* when you're trying to make a decision whether or not to provide somebody care when they get sick, bottom line. You can never allow this to happen. And they can't make a profit unless they deny care, unless they deny claims, unless they keep people off the rolls who have preexisting conditions or kick people off the rolls who have diseases that become too expensive for them. They can't make a profit.

Let me just pause for a second and say something on behalf of the health insurance corporations in America. Our laws state very clearly that they have a legal fiduciary responsibility to maximize profits for the shareholders. If they don't do that, they can be put in jail. So they are required by law to turn as big a profit as they can, and the only way they can turn the big profit is to not pay out the money, is to not provide the care. So therefore there's no way that this can work; there's no way that we can continue to have these health insurance companies making these decisions nor should we have private, profit-making hospitals making decisions.

The hospital that has to make the decision based on the bottom line as to whether or not they're to provide care is absolutely antithetical to basic human rights. We're the only country in the Western world that doesn't believe it is a human right to provide free universal health coverage for every one of its citizens...and this is what's so amazing, isn't it? Because we're all Americans, we are amongst the most generous people on earth. We're a good people, we have a good heart and a good soul, and we have a conscience; we know right from wrong. And the fact [is] we won't even insure [9 million] children in America. What is wrong with us? That's not who we are; that's not what we used to be about.

You know this every-man-for-himself attitude, pull yourself up by your bootstraps, you got your problems [and] I got mine, you know, don't bother, this me, me, me, me, me. That's not how they exist in these other countries—in Canada, in Britain, in Ireland, in France, these other places. They believe we're all in the same boat, and we sink or swim together. They believe that if too many people fall between the cracks, their society



Moore addresses California lawmakers on the healthcare crisis. At the filmmaker's side is Deborah Burger, president of the California Nurses Association.

suffers as a result of it. What happened to us?

I think we used to believe that somewhere along the line, somewhere way, way back. You know, my grandfather was a country doctor; he was paid with eggs and milk and a chicken every now and then. He did it because he cared for people; he didn't do it to make money.

The sad thing about the American Medical Association is that they have fought every good reform for the people of this country. In the last century they fought Social Security; they fought Medicare. You'll see in my film the head of the AMA back in 1962 giving a big speech about how dare we help old people with Medicare. It's really weird to look at it now to actually see a doctor saying such a thing.

And, of course, the AMA, they were all behind the HMOs when Nixon and that whole thing started in the '70s. But doctors now are amongst the most demoralized people in this country because they realize they've been given the shaft by the insurance company. What used to take one person sitting behind the glass when you went into the doctor's office filling out the forms, there's now five or six people back there arguing on the phone with the insurance company to get a \$15 bill paid. How much is that costing us?

Actually, there are statistics; we know how much it's costing us. The overhead goes up to 30% of health insurance companies' budget. Thirty percent it costs for overhead, red tape, bureaucracy, paperwork. Now I did a little thing out on the street just stopping people, and I said, "You know these private health insurance companies, they spend up to 30% on overhead and red tape and all this. What do you think the government spends on their bureaucracy, their paperwork, for their health program Medicare, Medicaid?"

People'd say, "Well let's see, if Aetna and Kaiser are spending 25 to 30%, it's got to be 40%. The government's doing it, right? The government, it's gotta be 50%."

I said, "No, it's 3%—that's how much it costs to run Medicare and Medicaid: 3%." You know, in Canada they run their entire free universal healthcare system total overhead, total bureaucracy, 1.7% of the total healthcare budget.

We have listened to this for the last 30-plus years about how the federal government is bad, state government, big government bad, bad, you know. And it's like, how did we ever cop the attitude that the government of, by and for the people could be bad? I don't understand this, but they've done a good job, haven't they, convincing the average American [that], "You don't want to get the government involved."

When somebody says that to me, you know what I say to them? "You really don't want the government involved? Ask your grandparents if that Social Security check comes every month." It not only comes every month; my dad says it comes on the same

day through the government-sponsored U.S. mail and, remarkably, it's the same amount every month. They actually get the check right. How do they do that? Tens of millions of seniors every month get a Social Security check on time for the exact amount.

We, the American people, have fallen for this myth that government is bad. I heard Al Franken say a couple months ago: "The Republicans, they run on a platform of the government is bad, it's evil, you don't want the government to run things, and then once elected, they spend the next four years proving themselves right."

I read a story that Blue Cross of California is already promising to spend \$2 million—I'm sure they'll spend a lot more than that—fighting you. Because it's the last thing that they want to have happen, and they're going to fight this, and they're going to try and scare people: socialized medicine, ooh, socialized bad. Really? Isn't that what our police departments are: socialized? Run by the government, free service.

You think anybody would ever ask if the fire department should have to post a profit? I mean, seriously. Would we allow our fire department, when they arrive at the house, to determine whether or not this is going to affect the Fire Department's bottom line? We wouldn't allow that, would we?

Well, when someone is wheeled into a hospital, that question should never be asked, never. That's immoral...in a human society to ask that question, "Where is the profit here? How's this going to affect our bottom line? How are we going to make money off this sick person?" I mean, this doesn't look good, folks. It doesn't look good to the rest of the world, and it won't look good to the anthropologists who dig us up hundreds of years from now. They'll wonder, "What were these people thinking?"



*Moore voices his outrage at a legislative briefing and (above) at a California Nurses Association rally prior to a special screening of **SICKO** in Sacramento.*



In closing, I just want to say that we spent a good deal of time in this great state [California] making this film. Unfortunately, it was for all the wrong reasons. It was following the plight of people who couldn't pay their hospital bills at a Kaiser-owned hospital and [were] dumped on Skid Row in downtown Los Angeles in their hospital gown to wander out into the street not knowing where they were at. It was following Blue Cross of California and how they, after someone had an expensive operation, tried to get them knocked off the roll. They hire private investigators to dig up anything they can in [a patient's] past to get them knocked off or to repay the bill for the operation.

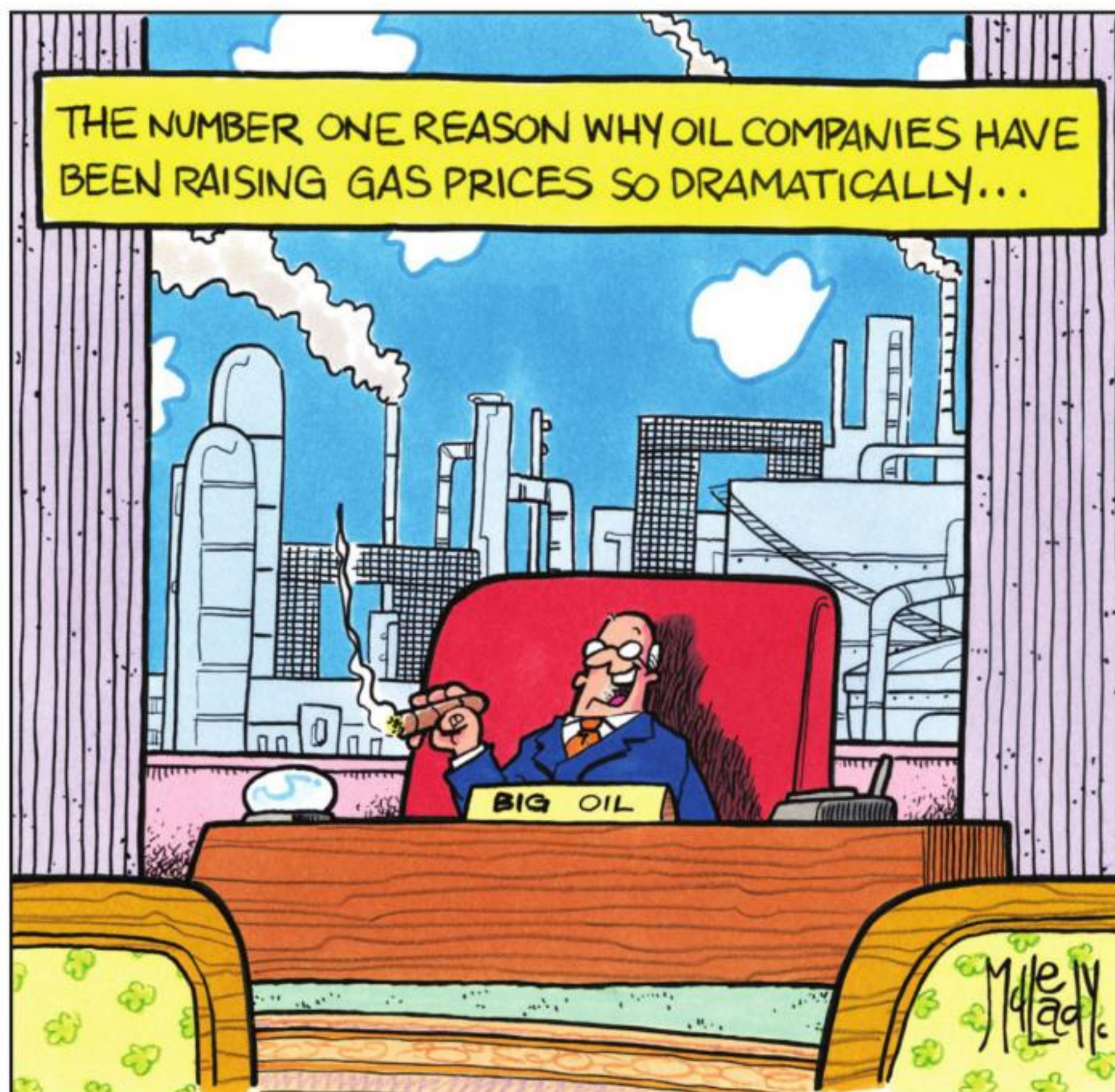
You'll see in one scene—the most ridiculous scene in the movie—where a woman who had Blue Cross of California had an operation; it ran around \$7,000 for the procedure. Blue Cross paid it, but then they sent out their investigators. "Find out what you can on her; we don't want to pay this \$7,000. Try and get the money back if you can." They found out that years earlier, this woman had had a yeast infection, and they then demanded the \$7,000 back. I'm surprised that they didn't find that she had sneezed ten years ago into a Kleenex somewhere. [Audience laughter.] I mean that—they're laughing—but this is a true story.

The evidence says that we lose 18,000 Americans every year simply because they don't have a health insurance card. And how many thousands do we lose because people, even when they have insurance, can't afford the co-pays, can't afford the deductibles?

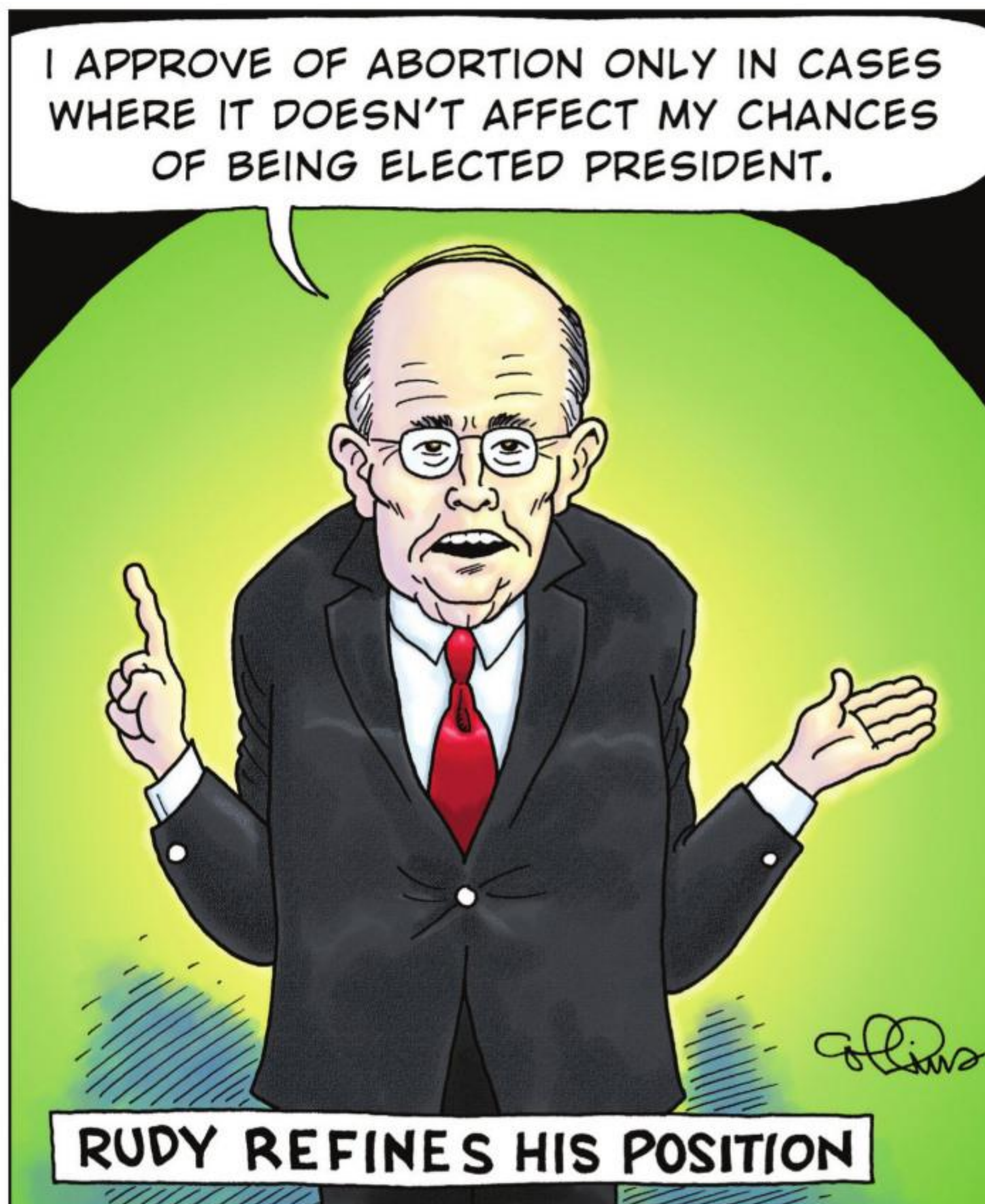
You'll see at the beginning of the movie one woman who is an editor of a small-town paper. Her husband is a machinist. They work good jobs. They're middle-class people, and they end up in their 50s living in their daughter's basement because they've been bankrupted by medical bills, and they had health insurance. The co-pays and the deductibles alone bankrupted them. [The insurance company jacked] the premium up so high that they could no longer afford to keep their own home.

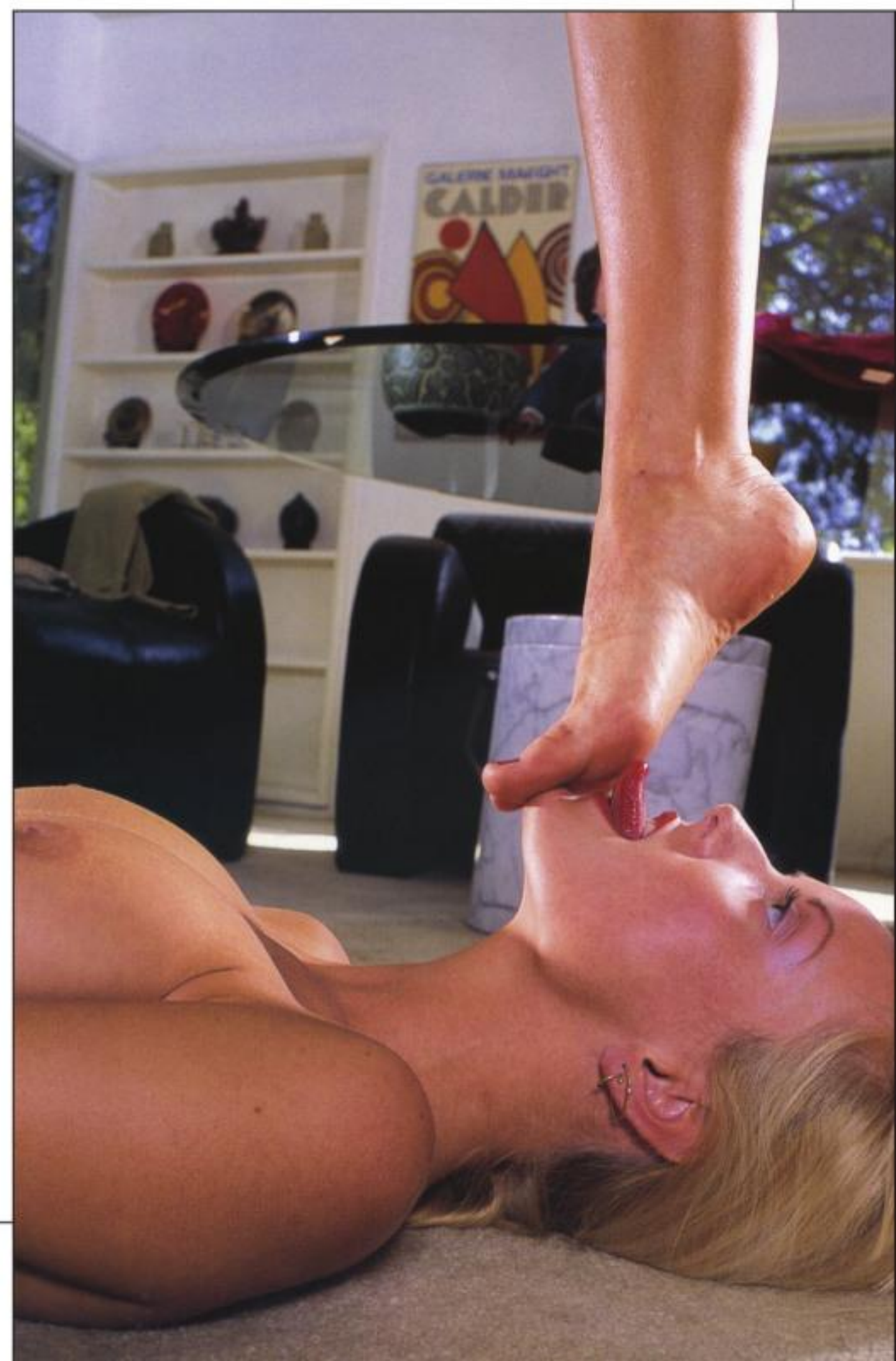
That should not be happening in the United States of America. It's a crime, and I believe that these health insurance companies are a criminal racket. We allow them to exist legally, but I don't think they should. I think they've got to be removed from this process, and I sincerely hope that California will take the lead as you have done so often in the past, when the rest of the country has to be brought along kicking and screaming.

You know, it was you that decided that people shouldn't be paid \$5.15 an hour as a minimum wage; that was this state. It was this state that said we have to protect our environment and demand that the automakers put the devices on cars to cut down on pollution and global warming. That was this state. And you've done so many other things like this. Lead the way again for this country. Be a shining beacon of light for what America has to do. Remove profit, remove the insurance companies from this, regulate the pharmaceutical companies like a public utility. Strictly regulate them and guarantee health coverage for all Americans and all the people of this state. 🌍



"Because we can! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!"





We Want Some of That **ACTION**

LENSMAN RICHARD KERN FAVORS a certain type of female subject, and it's not always those silicone-enhanced bimbos or chic, strung-out-looking waifs so prevalent in high-end erotic photography. Instead, the cutting-edge New Yorker prefers capturing unpretentious, everyday women in their natural splendor and, more importantly, in the altogether.

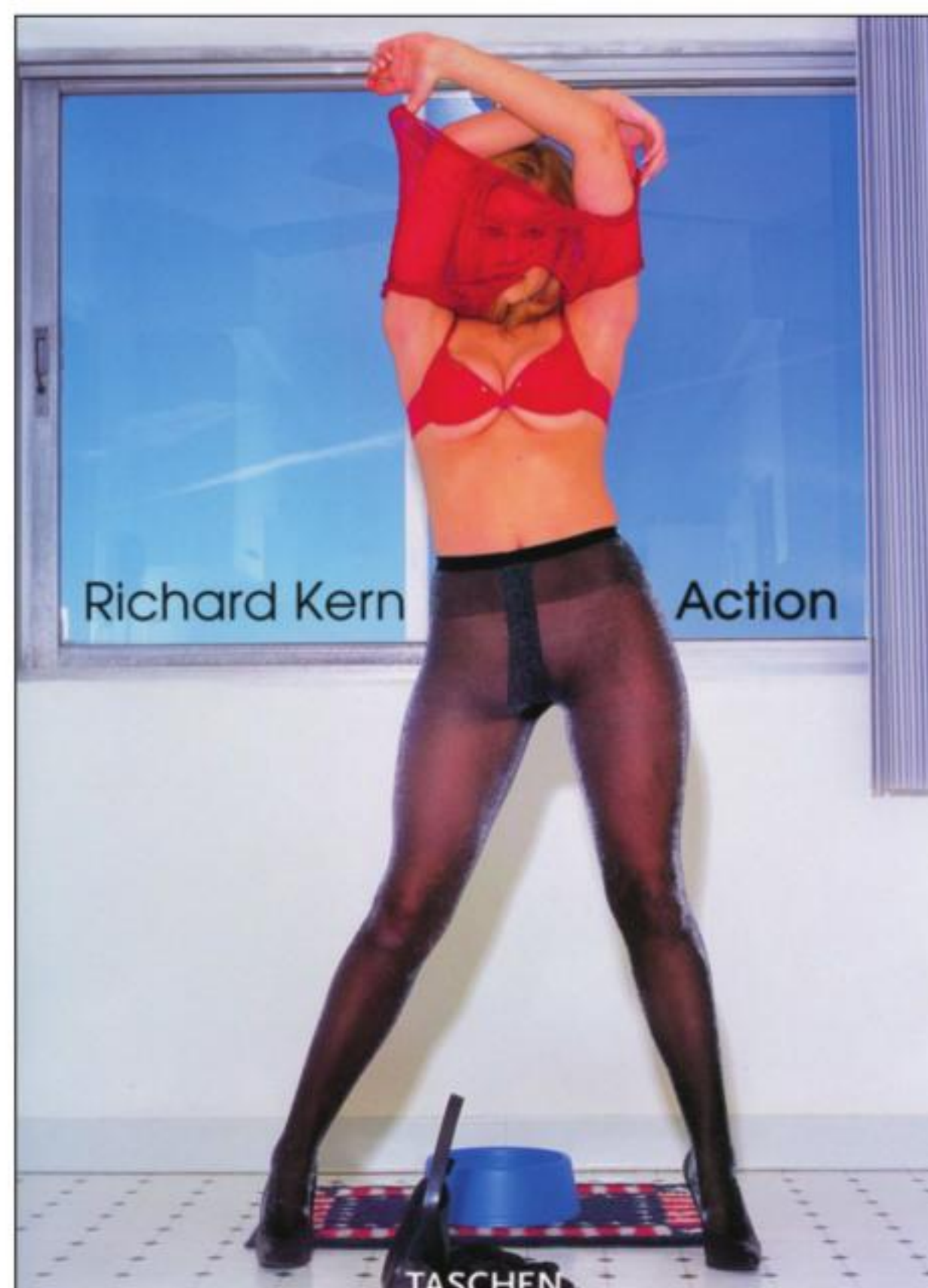
The renowned photographer's latest book, *Action* (edited by Dian Hanson), unveils yet another round of real, not-too-beautiful girls brimming with naughtiness and self-confidence. Each of his unabashed models evokes the impression that she may have been picked up off the street just minutes before by Kern, who then somehow convinced her to strip down for his camera right then and there.

Adding to *Action's* charm, all this is done without airbrushing, excessive makeup or other tricks of the trade. The end result is a vivid cavalcade of naked chicks to enjoy, with all their flaws intact. Page after page is a masterful and compelling photographic study of genuine beauty.

By relying on girl-next-door types, Kern—a longtime contributor to our sister magazines *Barely Legal* and *Taboo*—has created a world with interesting possibilities. If he can get a woman he's just met to pose nude, maybe there's hope for us too. Sure, we might run into an average-looking but intriguing chick in a bar or a club, maybe even a supermarket, and somehow convince her to come home with us to get naked for an impromptu photo session. It could happen.

Since a voyeur really can never have enough to ogle, Kern's chronicle (containing more than 200 pages of full-color photos) also includes a very sexy companion DVD. Titled *Extra Action*, the disc brings various models in the book to life and features a soundtrack by Sonic Youth guitarist Thurston Moore. If you appreciate the true female form, then you need to pick up a copy of *Action*.

Available at **Taschen.com** and fine bookstores nationwide. 



The Radio Tightrope Act



A BROADCASTING INSIDER CONSIDERS THE CAUSES OF THE **DON IMUS** SCANDAL AND ITS FRIGHTENING CONSEQUENCES.

B Y A L E X B E N N E T T

"WE LOVE WHAT YOU DO, and we want you to do it for us." That's how it starts.

"The ratings are great, and there are tons of sponsors." That's how our bad behavior is encouraged.

"Here's more money for those high ratings. There are tons of sponsors paying top price to be on your show. Don't change a thing. Keep on doing what you're doing. Make us king of the fuckin' mountain."

You are sitting on top of the world, and then one day you say something you never thought would be a problem (especially in light of all the other things you've said), and you get fired.

Wait a minute! What the fuck happened?!

After pondering the recent fate of radio host Don Imus, I mulled over my role as a talk-show host and the mixed signals we get in our chosen profession. The lucky ones who get canned are rewarded for their bad behavior with a better job at better pay. The unlucky ones never work again!

It is the tightrope we walk, and if I have any talent at all, it's that I've never fallen off.

Examine, if you will, the Don Imus situation. A New York talk-show host was fired for describing the Rutgers women's basketball team as "nappy-headed hos." The event amounted to three legally safe words that consumed five seconds of airtime at 6:15 in the morning.

It was Imus's bad luck that this happened during what we call a "dead news week." The radio host's other stroke of misfortune was that he did it in New York City, making it very easy for a lethargic press to report on. If Imus had said those words in Cleveland, you would never have heard of it. If he'd said them in Texas, he'd be elected governor. But in New York City it was major news, and it soon became major news everywhere else.

Newscasts and talk shows reveled in the story. Always looking for a windmill to tilt at, Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson went after Imus in such a bullying way that the networks reacted like a frightened kid in a school yard. As Imus's producer, Bernard McGuirk, would later put it, "They assumed the fetal position while frantically tapping away at their BlackBerries."

When the dust settled, Imus's show was dropped by CBS Radio and MSNBC (which carried a simulcast). The very people who made a fortune from the so-called shock jock's behavior and who had urged him on in the past were now bowing under the slightest pressure. What hypocrisy!

A few weeks later, right-wing talk-show host Rush Limbaugh played a song parody, "Barack the Magic Negro," that made the Imus incident look like the piffle it was. There was a minor outcry, but no apology from Limbaugh, and he is still on the air.

Years ago I went to my union (the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists) to say it should protect talk-show hosts from being dismissed for their opinions or the way in which they expressed them. After all, they are encouraged to be opinionated and provocative. All that should be considered is what law, if any, has been broken. I was laughed out the door. The union didn't want to tackle the subject. It's always been spineless. So guys like me are hung out to dry with no protection from the powers-that-be.

Some people would call what happened to Imus censorship, but it really isn't. Censorship is when your freedom of speech is violated. In this case no one is saying I can't state what I feel; I can do that anywhere—my employer just doesn't want to continue paying me to do so at its place of business.

We are hired hands, and it's the employers' decision if they no longer want to pay us. In Imus's case, he believes—due to some very well-worded legal clauses—that CBS has to play or pay the remainder of his contract: \$50 million. He's gone out and hired the best lawyer in the business, Martin Garbus, to extract the money from these deadbeats. Here's hoping he wins.

If the cowardice of networks and local stations isn't enough of a setback, try the FCC. The Communications Act of 1934 was probably the most socialistic legislation of its kind. It started out by saying that "the airwaves belong to the people," then implored the licensees to operate in the "public interest, convenience and necessity."

The FCC was charged with being an om-

budsman between the people and the license-holders. If you lodged a complaint, it would write a letter requesting a response from the station. The commission was also mandated to regulate the broadcast signals (so they wouldn't jam each other), issue licenses and do spot inspections to make sure everything was technically up to snuff. The FCC was, in fact, an engineering group. It was never meant to become a censorship body, handing out fines at will without benefit of trial. The word *fuck* is now worth \$325,000 per station that a show is syndicated on, says the FCC.

As talent, we have no recourse to the FCC. We can only hope that our employers have the guts to fight it when necessary. In most cases, employers lie down and pay the fine. Guess who gets tossed out onto the street?

Mel Karmazin—the man who, as head of Infinity Broadcasting, brought us Howard Stern—was one of the notable exceptions. He challenged the commission on many occasions, saying it was being arbitrarily punitive. In spite of that, the FCC got more and more power.

Look, I'm not complaining. I get paid well for what I do. But in the end it is the listener who gets shafted. Talents with a strong opinion or edge find it harder and harder to do what they do best. The result is dull, uninspired pabulum.

Looking over your shoulder as you say what you believe, you ask yourself, *Who's gonna come gunning for me now?*

And to think, I do this for a living.

Alex Bennett, a two-time Emmy winner who has been in broadcasting since age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home, where he does a daily left-wing talk show. He also counts himself as one of the few talk-show hosts to ever serve his country, even if it was in Hollywood at Armed Forces Radio. Bennett notes that no enemy planes ever got past Santa Monica Boulevard on his watch, so he did his job. The frequent HUSTLER contributor also says he's won two Nobel Peace Prizes, but warns that he's known as a notorious liar. 🐼

HUSTLER
Free Looks at
PART 6

ILLUSTRIOUS MAINSTAY DAN COLLINS

DAN COLLINS—WHO HAS worked with pencil, ink, marker pens, watercolors and computer graphics—is celebrating his 30th anniversary as a *HUSTLER* contract cartoonist. Here's how it all began.

In the 1960s the lifelong Ohioan's interest in 'tooning was inspired by comic strips in newspaper funny pages, especially Charles Schulz's *Peanuts*, Al Capp's *Li'l Abner* and Reginald Smythe's *Andy Capp*. Comic books also influenced the youngster, notably Marvel's *Fantastic Four*, often drawn by a Collins favorite, Jack Kirby. The neophyte's first comic strip—naturally featuring an intrepid superhero—ran in Smithville High School's paper, leading to his first "brush with censorship." It seems a school board bluenose objected to a character named "Mother Trucker."

After graduation, Collins headed to Columbus to major in art at Ohio State University, where he eventually sold cartoons to OSU's daily newspaper, *The Lantern*. Later, to fine-tune his chosen vocation, he enrolled at the Columbus College of Art and Design.

Making a name for himself, the aspiring cartoonist soon caught the eye of a national magazine, *Good Housekeeping*. In 1975, Collins got

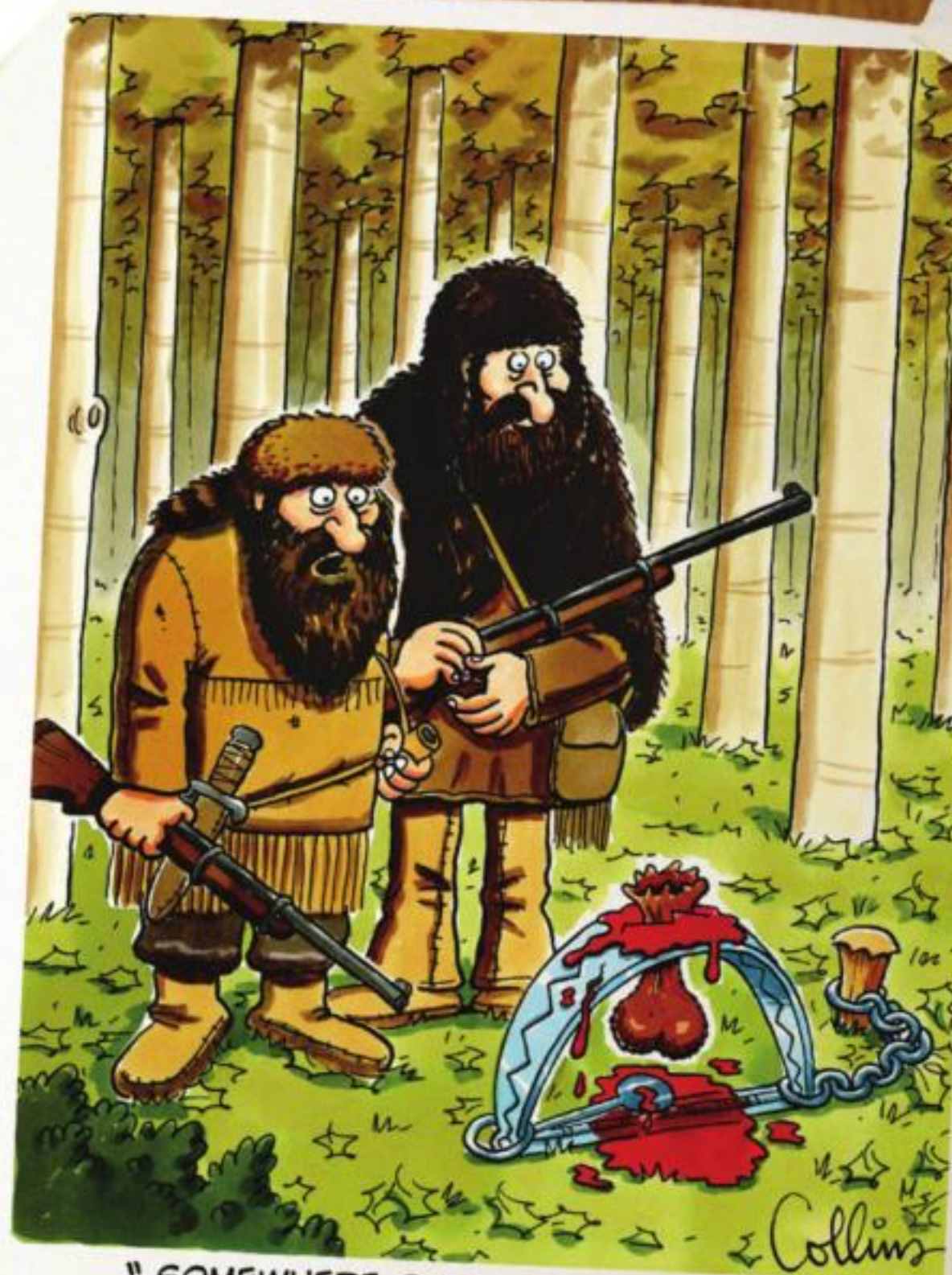
an even bigger break at the much tawdrier *HUSTLER*, which fortuitously was then headquartered in Columbus. "That's basically how I got my connection with Larry Flynt," Dan recalls. "I went down to the offices there, took some things, and finally got my first freelance cartoon sales." Two years later he inked an exclusive contract that remains in effect to this day.

For *HUSTLER*'s publisher, Collins contends, "the cartoons rank pretty much up there with the photography and articles." Calling this combination "the magazine's triad," Dan adds, "Larry's always been the guy who picks the cartoons. All these years he still has the edits and decides which cartoons run in *HUSTLER*. He has a blue-collar sense of humor, what the average working guy out there likes to laugh at: rough, ribald cartoon gags and off-color jokes. He's very up for laughing at himself as well. Cartoons about Larry and making fun of Ann Coulter are two surefire starting points for getting into *HUSTLER*." Of course, the veteran 'toonist has yet to be censored by this magazine.

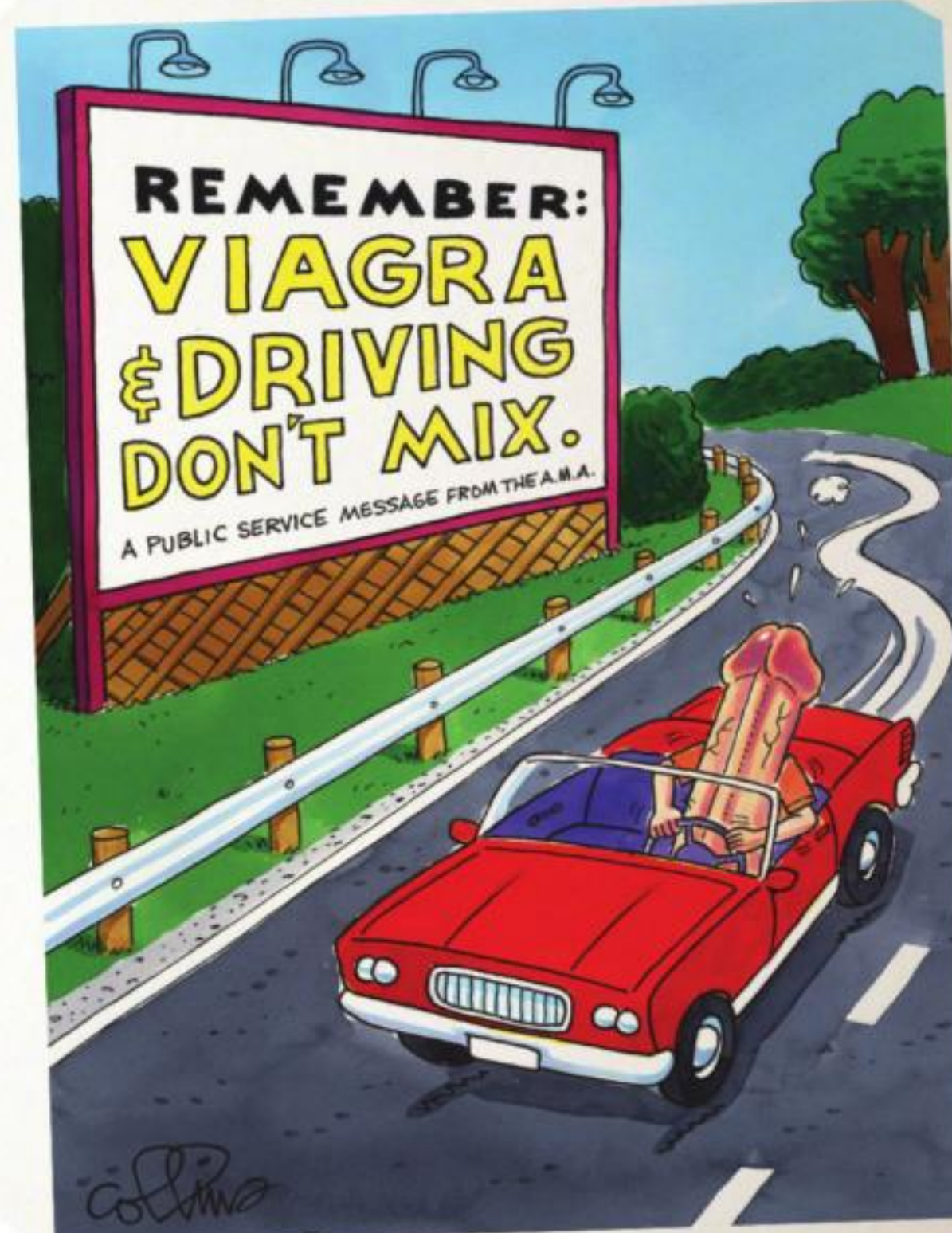
When Flynt and *HUSTLER* headed west to Los Angeles in 1978, Collins—admittedly a "small-town kind of guy"—remained in Ohio, where he still resides with his family. Fortunately, the Buckeye Stater's wit and artistry have continued to amuse readers for more than three decades in what Collins calls "one of America's best marketplaces for cartoonists."

To see more of Dan's art and acquire original works, wacky T-shirts, his *Captain Hard-On* book and other collectibles, check out

DanCollinsCartoons.com. 🐻



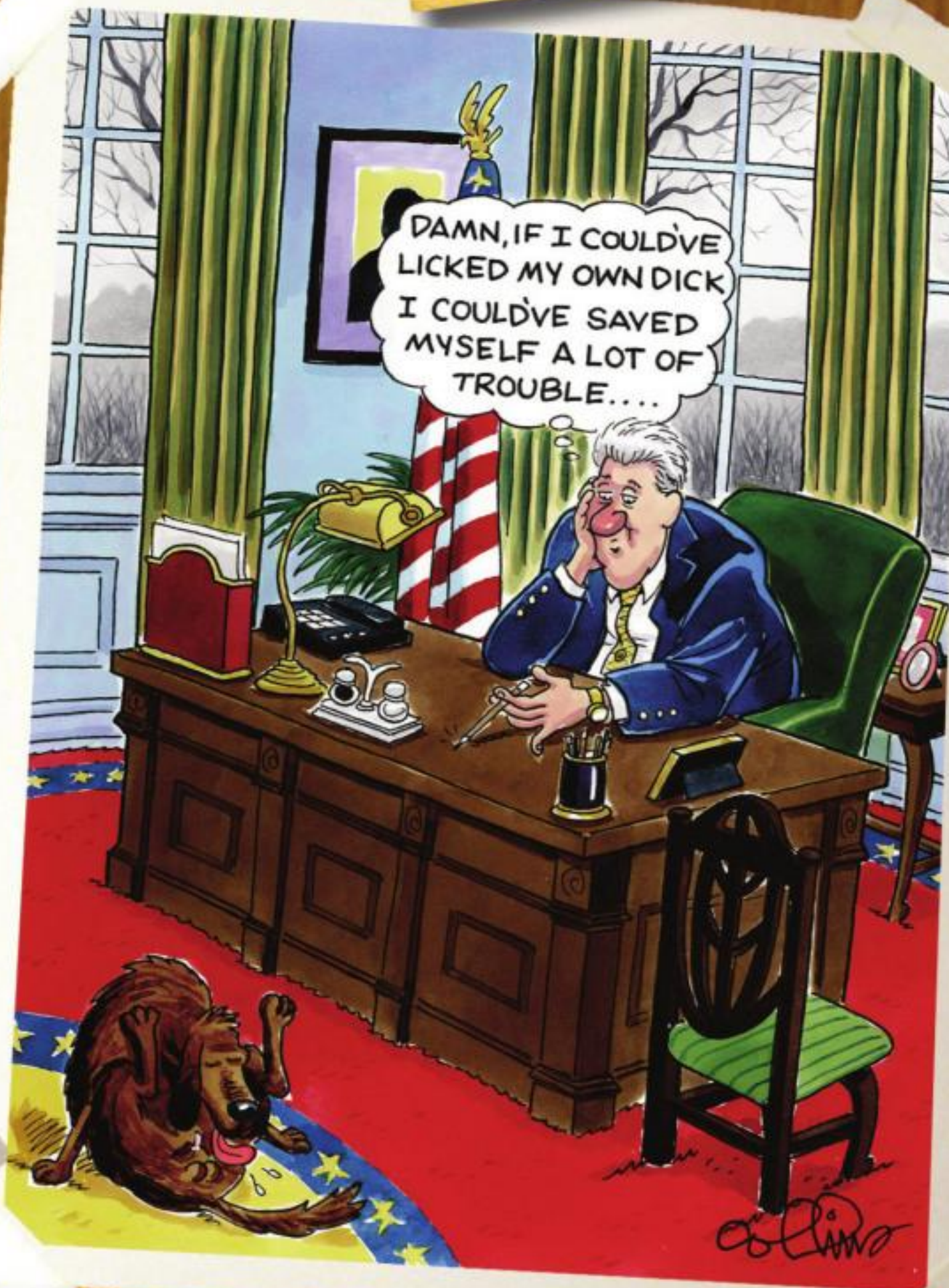
"SOMEWHERE OUT THERE IS ONE MEAN
FUCKING BEAR."



BY ED RAMPPELL



Collins

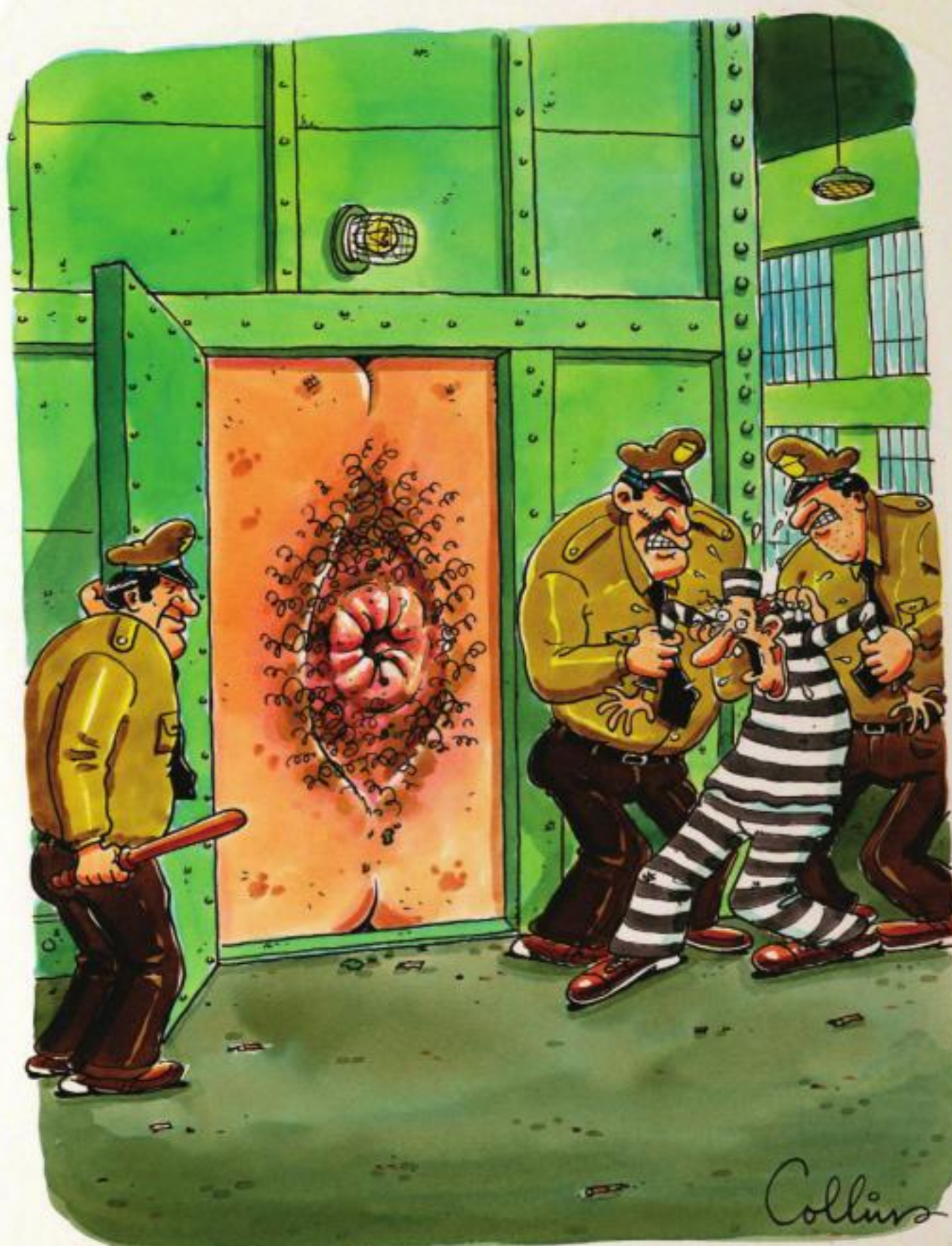


Collins



Collins

"MONIQUE? SHE'S AROUND THE CORNER BLOWIN' CHUNKS."



Collins

"NO, NOT THE HOLE! ANYTHING BUT THE HOLE!"

LISA ZELZAH

NEWFOUND



BRAVURA

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL



At first I was kind of scared to be in HUSTLER," Lisa readily admits, "since I'm not a full-time model. Truth be told, this is the first time *everyone* will get to see me naked." Catching us off-guard, the magazine debutante explains, "I'm a real estate agent. I hope my clients don't mind."

Of course, when it's time to socialize, Lisa has one thing on *her* mind. "Men!" she exclaims. "I love a dominant dude who knows how to take control and teach me what to do. My favorite position is doggy." And how's this for a risqué fantasy? "I've always wanted to have sex in a rowboat in the middle of a lake. Unfortunately, I have yet to find a guy with the right boat."

Yes, Lisa really digs the great outdoors. "For fun I love the beach," the tantalizing Californian continues. "I love to walk along and enjoy the way the ocean sounds and smells. I also love horseback riding, and it's true what they say. I get all kinds of horny and wet. Usually after I dismount, I immediately need to hook up with a guy and ride him!"



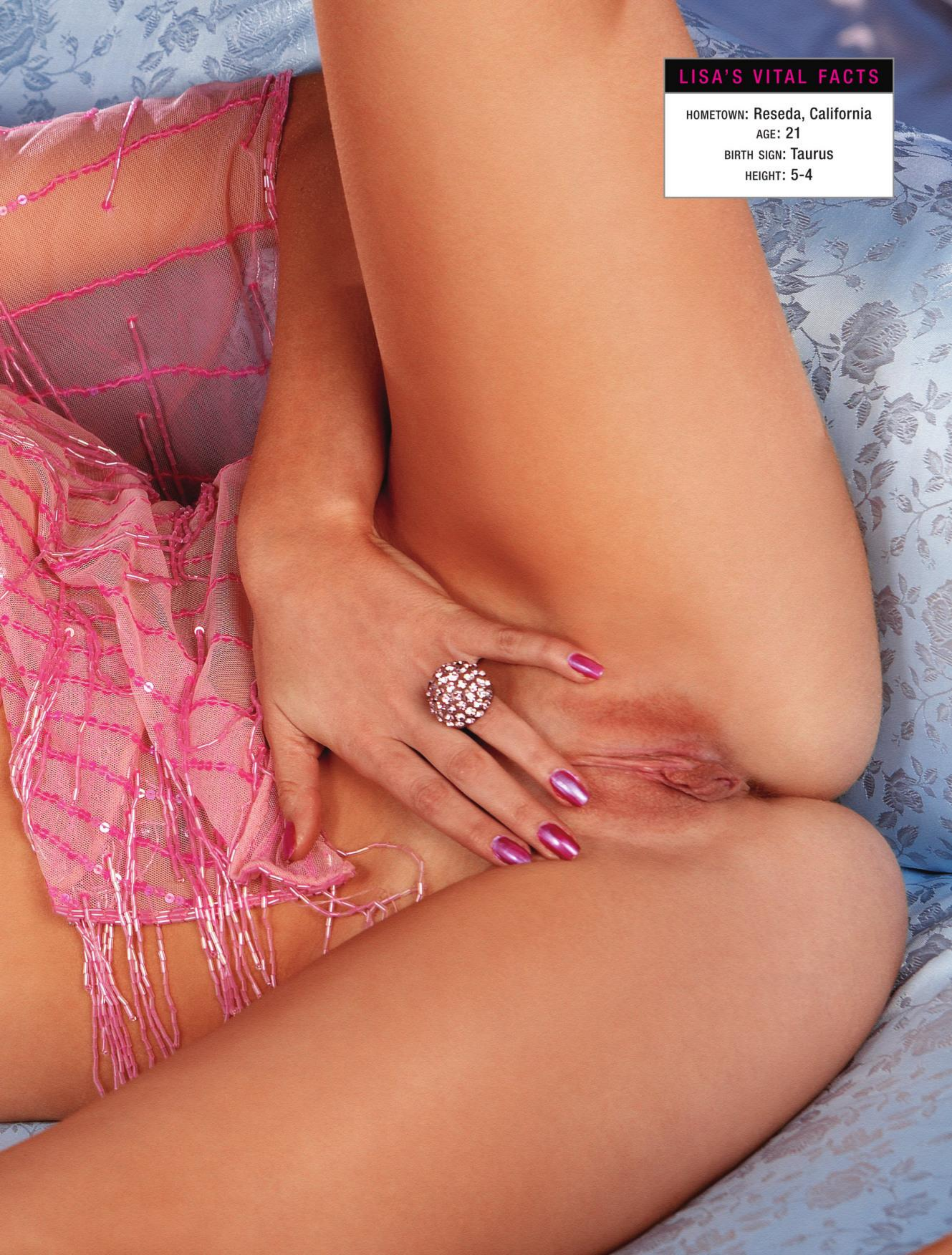




As for the future, the lovely young lady is contentedly undecided. "I would love to do more modeling and maybe run my own talent agency," **Lisa** hopes. "Or maybe I'll get into clothing design. Either way, I know I'm going to have a good time, because blondes really do have more fun!"







LISA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Reseda, California

AGE: 21

BIRTH SIGN: Taurus

HEIGHT: 5-4



A DAY WITH XXX GODDESS

AN OFF-THE-CUFF, ON-THE-RECORD

BY SCOTT FAYNER

HILLARY SCOTT—who has starred in Sex-Z Pictures' *Corruption*, HUSTLER Video's *Britney Rears 3: Britney Gets Shafted!* and a truckload of other hard-core flicks—is a massively popular fuck princess. The doll currently possesses the coveted AVN Female Performer of the Year award, but she gained even more renown when Sex-Z reportedly signed her to the industry's first \$1-million exclusive contract. So what is porn's new millionaire like when she's off duty?

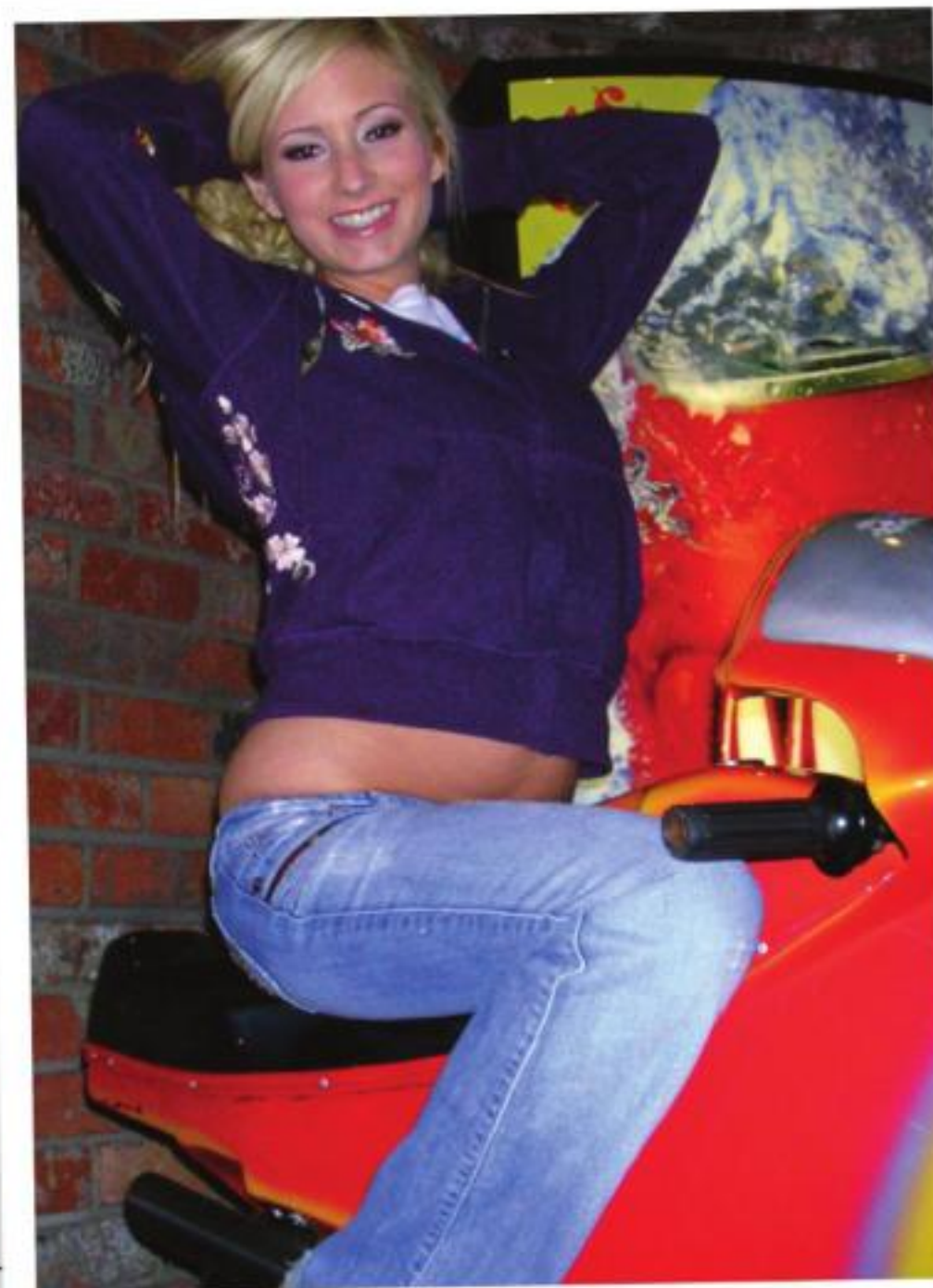
Scheduling time with the much-in-demand damsel is no easy task, especially when the request is made by a stinky, coked-out reporter. The idea was to tag along with Hillary all day and chronicle my findings, good or bad. She is, however, a consummate good sport, and when we finally lock down our rendezvous on a Sunday afternoon, she's not put off by my presence or the overcast sky.

Hillary, who hails from Chicago, is waiting outside her apartment building on Reseda Boulevard, a main drag in L.A.'s San Fernando Valley, where most adult-industry companies are headquartered. Still suffering the consequences of my late-night party antics, I pull up a little behind schedule in my truck.

Apparently, my dour expression doesn't dampen Hillary's enthusiasm at having a companion for her inauspicious chores.

"The focal point of the day is scoring a bag of weed," the casually dressed vixen informs me as I suck on a

Hillary as Marcia in *Not the Bradys XXX* (X-Play/LFP Video), which really pokes fun at the 1970s sitcom.



HILLARY SCOTT



PEEK AT PORN'S NEW MILLION-DOLLAR BABY.

Preparing for the inevitable munchies, Hillary heads to her favorite supermarket.



"Weee! Weee!" she hollers as her cart wobbles into the store. I follow.

Hillary immediately ventures toward the scary depths of the produce section. "I bet your readers want to see me holding a big cucumber!" she howls. "Can we do that first? Please?"

"Listen," I brusquely inform her, "this is supposed to be about what you do on a day off. I'm just an observer. Pretend I'm not here."

she remarks. "We're doing the express-shopping thing today, if that's okay with you." And before I can remind her of my role, she coos, "Oh, that's right. You're not here."

Enough time wasted, and junk food aplenty, we evacuate the premises to make our way to the porn star's reefer vendor. "I told him you were tagging along," Hillary chirps. "Said you wouldn't bring your camera with us when we go in. That's cool, right?"

"C'mon, darling, do you really think I'm not well-versed in the paranoid ways of the drug dealer? I know the drill."

Marlboro. "But my guy won't be around for an hour or so, so I think a quick trip to the supermarket will eat some time until then. Plus, there's nothing worse than being wasted without food around, right?"

"I guess so," I shoot back as we drive off. "But with *my* habits, eating isn't really part of the endeavor."

"You're doing the wrong drugs, Fayner," my sexy passenger snaps. "I can't imagine any drug that doesn't lean towards the eating of Honey Nut Cheerios being an enjoyable ride, but that's just me."

I was planning a whole speech about how I refuse to be dissected by a 23-year-old chick paid to be sexually vicious on film. However, after we arrive at our destination, Hillary hops out and bolts toward the supermarket's shopping carts, commandeering one like it's some scene out of *Jackass*.



"Then I'm not deep-throating any green veggies! It's pointless without an audience!"

"Do it for that young Latino over there refilling the apple bin," I suggest. "He looks like he needs some enjoyment."

But Hillary is over it. She steers her crippled cart into a vacant aisle, where she ditches it for a basket. "I'm not stoned right now, and food-shopping is only fun when you're high and panting over everything you lay your eyes on,"





money. I've been telling my ass to slow down, you know, take a breather, but it just wants to work. Who am I to complain?"

"Where to now?" I ask as we climb back into my ride.

"A quick stop to grab the new *High Times* magazine," Hillary replies, "then back to my place so you can watch me straighten up and answer some fan e-mails. Is that okay? I mean...just drive and don't ask any more questions!"



Hillary Scott is a famous dirty-movie star, but she personally keeps her pad as clean as a whistle.

But as we start heading to our parking spot, Hillary's urge for cannabis is suddenly sidelined by a coin-operated motorcycle ride meant for children. I'm forced to fork over two quarters, sit back and watch her ride the silly contraption. "Hey," she screams, "even on my day off I need to ride an animal, right?! Weeee! Weeee!"

The dealer's apartment is cluttered with chewed-up remnants of toys belonging to his Rottweiler. Sampson (whose name has been changed for obvious reasons) gets a whiff of me, thinks that because I smell like someone who sleeps with three dogs in my bed that I too am a dog—a female at that. Unless he's a fag hound. But in either case, he becomes dedicated to feeding me his red rocket. I'm petrified.

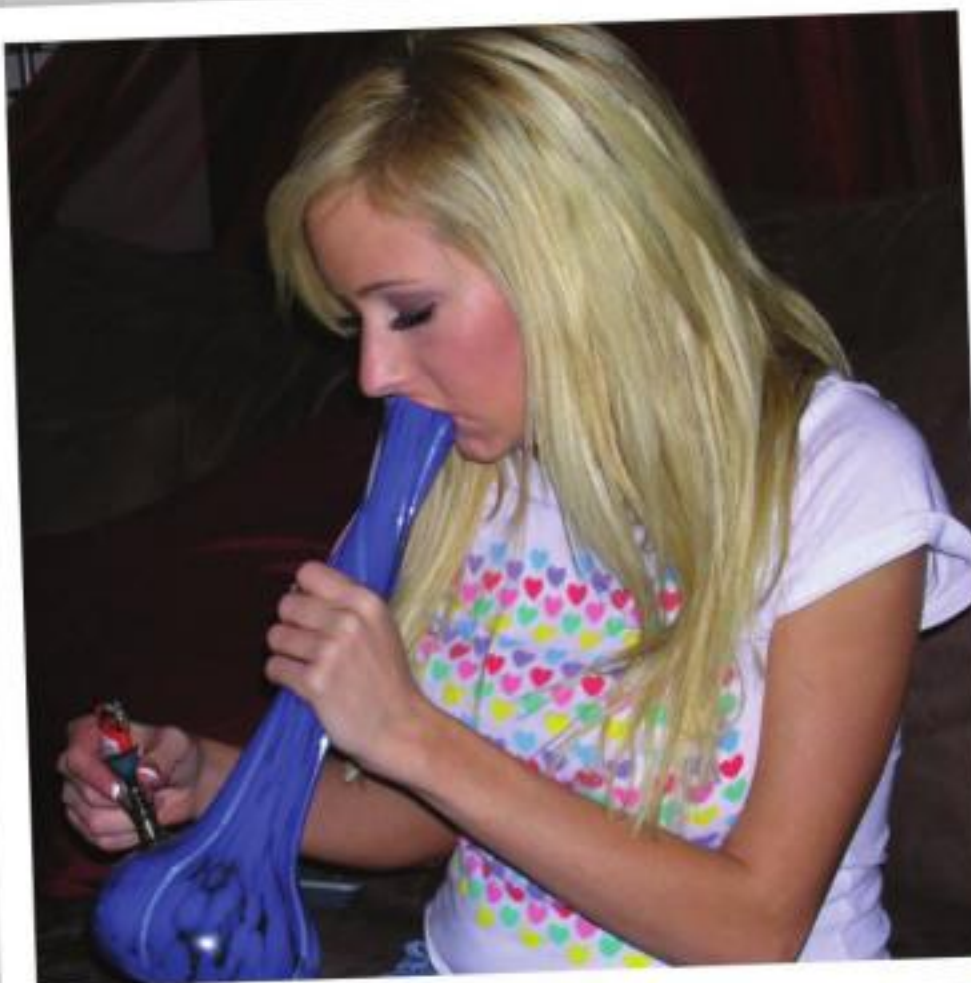
"Geez, Fayner, I can't seem to take you anywhere without some horny dog trying to sexually assault you," Hillary blurts out as a huge cloud of pot smoke exits her over-worked mouth, filling the room. "I can guess by Sampson's gaze that we have limited time before he overpowers you and fucks your skinny ass!" Turning her attention to the dealer, she pipes, "Okay, give me a blowjob-scene's worth of the best stuff you got."

"How much is that?" Hillary's puzzled pusher answers.

"Oh, sorry, I forgot you're not in the business," the lovely pothead apologizes. "Five hundred or so, I guess." She pulls a wad of crisp bills out of her purse, then notices me gawking at the cashola from the kitchen area I had escaped to when Sampson tried to hump my face.

"Yeah, I know," Hillary declares. "It's a lot of

The newsstand has run out of the current issue of *High Times*, but before we split, I insist on documenting this failed mission by having



Hillary pose with a couple of the most unlikely publications a famous porn star would ever be seen reading. My choice—the one decision I make all day—is *In-Fisherman*. Hers is *Combat Handguns*. The hombre manning the stand asks us to buy something or leave. We're out of there.

Hillary's apartment is the archetypical adult performer's abode: stacks of porn DVDs next to piles of work outfits next to shelves

of well-used bongos. Hillary grabs one and brings it over to the sofa on which I'm kicking back.

"Your story's about a day I'm not on the movie set, right?" she asks. "Well, here it is!" Hillary loads the water pipe with her fresh sack of Mary Jane and pulls a huge hit, exhales a "sickeningly sweet" puff of smoke, then collapses back into the couch. "People think we live this glamorous life as porno stars. Well, *glamorous* may be the wrong word."

"How 'bout *debauched*?" I offer.

"Perfect! But most of us are laid-back homebodies, you know? The whole stay-in-on-Saturday-night-watching-rented-DVDs thing is alive and well and kickin' it in Porn Valley!"

"Are you saying the porno stable is just a slew of lame ducks?" I ask.

"Sorta," Hillary continues. "I mean, sure, I go out and party. We all do to some point, but making movies takes a lot out of me, and just because I fuck on camera doesn't make me any different from everyone else when the day is done. To live a decadent lifestyle all the time is just flirting with disaster. I mean, just look what's become of *your* life!"

"Very funny," I fire back. Hillary's young daughter lives elsewhere, and the MILF appears to be flying solo, minus an offscreen partner and active social life. As the contract girl earns her daily bread sucking and fucking



It's sweet dreams for the porn princess once she replies to e-mails from her adoring fans.

onscreen, she might not want to bring her work home with her.

To liven things up, I remind Hillary, "Hey, don't you have some cleaning or something to do?"

By design, porno whores rely on someone else to do the dirty work for them: a boyfriend, manager, some loser trying to get in their pants. But Hillary, I've come to gather, is not the typical adult-industry slut. She doesn't mind doing menial chores, even smiles when I demand she actually sweep the kitchen floor instead of just pretending. Any other XXX babe would have kicked me out at that point.

Not Hillary Scott, however. One would expect different from the best-paid hottie in the biz. When I discover her kitchen sink is without the expected pile of dirty dishes—just two pots!—I brashly take a cereal bowl from the cabinet and spit on it, thus giving her something to do as I shoot some photos. Hillary pushes me aside and washes the bowl with the same enthusiasm she has for her onscreen hijinks.

This spunk is also evident in Hillary's allegiance to her fans. The next hour consists of me glued to the sofa while the gorgeous filly answers e-mails from admirers around the world. Well, that and periodically passing her the bong so she can remain good and stoned.

Before long it's dark outside, and I sense from her constant yawning that Hillary has become a bit tired. It appears the hours spent loitering in supermarket aisles and smoking weed have zapped the Valley Girl's super-whore powers. Hillary crawls to the sofa and closes her eyes, silent and pure, transforming the familiar XXX Energizer Fuck Bunny into a soft, delicate, wholesome young woman free of sin. If I hadn't whacked off so many times to Hillary's videos, I could easily believe that what I'm seeing is an angel sent from heaven.

At this moment, I decide to leave. I don't bother waking Sleeping Beauty up to say goodbye 'cause I know she's had a rough day off doing pretty much nothing exceptional. No blowjobs were handed out, no flashlights up her ass. Shit, she never even flashed me her chirpy breasts!

But like I said before, even the sluts who flaunt the limits of their sexual dexterity need a break once in a while. It's not always exciting, not always dramatic being a porn queen. Still, there's something to be said about a typical girl doing typical things with her typical life when she just happens to screw while the cameras are rolling.

Scott Fayner's only joy comes from drugs and his dog, Rhiannon. Born and raised in Massachusetts (the state that gave us the Puritans), the onetime HUSTLER staffer has come to despise the porn business. So it makes perfect sense that he just finished a movie script—a love story—about the very industry he can't seem to escape. Fayner's zany musings about the skin trade can be seen erratically at LukeFord.com.

Next month, look for coverage of Hillary's steamy new HUSTLER Video spoof, Not the Bradys XXX. 🍷



COCKSURE

to the

The perverse world of blogger, best-selling author and audacious womanizer **Tucker Max**.



istic take: "Let's say it's 1982. I'm fucked. But in 2002 the Internet existed, and there was another way to find [readers]. If my stuff sucked, you would not be interviewing me. But my shit was good, and it's proven by the fact that I have a million visitors a month to my site. The Internet is a proving ground for authors that can't find acceptance in the mainstream."

Marveling at his good fortune, Tucker adds, "Everyone goes out and gets drunk and does dumb stuff. I was just the first one who wrote about it, balls to the wall, and didn't give a fuck."

Tucker's yarns—first spawned during his undergraduate days at the University of Chicago—range from hilarious to excruciatingly candid. How else to explain such titles as "The Blowjob Follies" and the infamous "Tucker

IF TUCKER MAX HAD A LESSON TO IMPART to law school students, it might be this: Skip classes, don't buy any books and spend part of a semester in Cancún. The guy should know: He did just that and still earned a law degree from Duke University, although he has never worked a day as a lawyer. Instead, Tucker found infamy on the Internet, detailing—in often searingly graphic detail—both his casual sexual exploits and nights of epic debauchery. Many of these blogosphere adventures ultimately were collected in a book, *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell*, which astonishingly made the *New York Times* best-seller list.

After hundreds of initial rejection letters from magazines and newspapers, Tucker credits the up-and-coming medium of blogging with helping him not only find a viable audience, but also making him wealthy and famous.

On his countless rebuffs from print publications, Tucker has a real-

Tries Buttsex: Hilarity Does Not Ensurue," in which the girl on the receiving end of the anal play unknowingly shits on Tucker's cock, causing the Lothario and his cameraman—hidden in a nearby closet—to vomit.

Yet Tucker is not hesitant to shine the light inward, expounding frankly about his own insecurities and antisocial behaviors. That's what makes his narratives so entertaining: Tucker fires arrows at the world and at himself with equally pointed and humorous disdain.

But this flip, brutal honesty has also earned the blogger his share of detractors, namely those labeling him sexist and misogynistic. "If you're not reverently, bow-down worshipful of all things woman, then all of a sudden that makes you anti-woman?" Tucker asks rhetorically. "No! There's a middle ground, and it's called being a normal person. Certain women you fucking hate because they suck as individuals. Certain dudes you hate because they suck as individuals. And that

WAX

has nothing to do with the fact that she has tits—it has to do with she just sucks! A woman can say all men are jerks, and no one calls her out. Fuck her! Why is *that* any different than what I say? It's just the reverse."

Regardless of such accusations, Tucker receives a daily barrage of e-mails from women. "I don't have enough time for all the pussy that gets thrown at me," he acknowledges with a smile.

Much like our esteemed publisher, Tucker is also something of a free-speech warrior. In 2003 he posted a blog detailing his brief affair with then-Miss Vermont, Katy Johnson. The beauty queen, who publicly preached abstinence to young women, sued Tucker for defamation and libel, claiming that he'd exploited her name and image against her will for his own financial gain.

During the ordeal, Tucker found an unlikely ally in the American Civil Liberties Union. "I was on the right side of the First Amendment," he says proudly, "and they had no choice but to defend me. Motherfuckers defend KKK and all other crazy kinds. Why not defend me?!"

Johnson's case was eventually dismissed, but Tucker credits the press it generated with boosting his popularity to new heights.

Asked if he's a fan of porn, Tucker remembers a wild party that almost soured him on HUSTLER's bread and butter. "There were famous porn stars there that I had jacked off to, watching these girls get fucked," the blogger grouses. "They were so disgusting and so revolting, and they had these disgusting fucking pimps with them!"

But Tucker is quick to point out that while he may not be a fan of the individual players, he has no problem with the product itself. "Porn is not about intimacy," he says. "It's about using objects for sexual gratification, and I don't think that's wrong or bad. Dude, there's plenty of days where if I didn't have porn to jack off to, I'd have

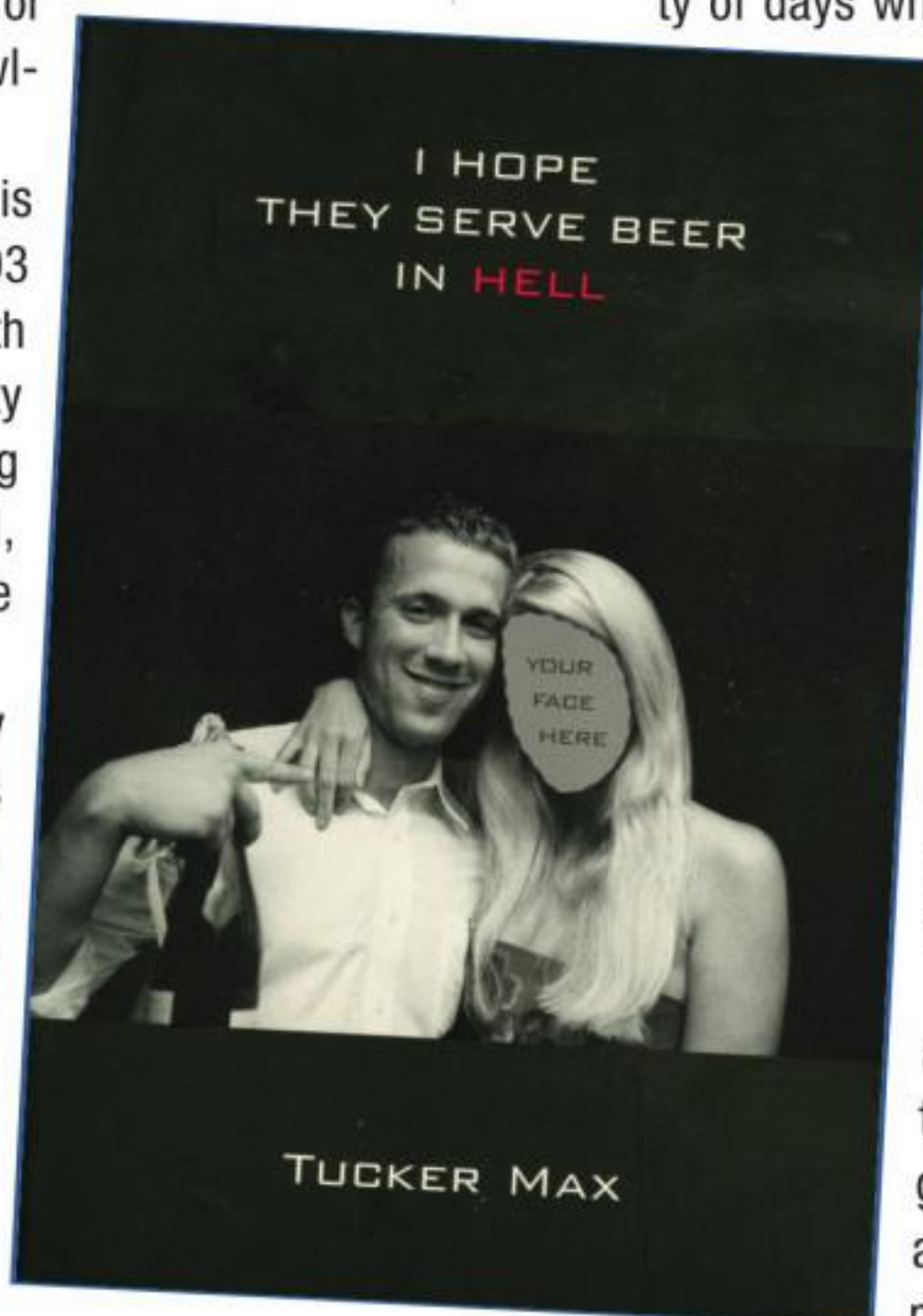
gone crazy! I think porn reduces sex crimes and most legit studies [support that]. I couldn't be more in favor of porn, as long as I don't have to deal with the porn stars."

Tucker's stream of stories seems all the more outrageous because he insists that they're all true: waking up after a night of drinking with a blood-alcohol content still past legally intoxicated; unwittingly shitting in a hotel lobby; a "fuck buddy" showing up with news that she is both pregnant with his child and has ovarian cancer, at which point Tucker goes into an adjoining room to hook up with another woman who'd just had a miscarriage!

"At about 23, I figured out just to be honest and be yourself," Tucker surmises. "I put in half the work and got twice the pussy. How many guys on earth have—and I don't want to sound arrogant about this—basically an unlimited supply of pussy without having to work for it at all?"

While we ponder that staggering question, Tucker Max is proud to sit back and enjoy the fact that in addition to penning a best-seller, he has a TV show, a screenplay, and a second book in the works. Not bad for a law school slacker.

For more amorous tales, visit TuckerMax.com.





SCREEN NAME:
Brigitte

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 478

STATUS: Single

Hailing from Australia's picturesque Gold Coast, Brigitte Fox is an "adrenaline junkie" who's into gymnastics, kung fu and motocross. (The "sheila," which is Down Under slang for "babe," has a track in her backyard.) Not surprisingly, the self-described "lady of leisure and sin" entertains a daredevilish fantasy: experiencing an orgasm while skydiving, although she still hasn't quite figured out how to accomplish it.

A model for six years, Brigitte has been featured in several Australian magazines and calendars. Her latest project was playing Dangerwoman in an upcoming music video, handling her own stunts, including wire work, martial arts and bull riding.

If you want to see more or send a message, check out MySpace.com/BrigitteFox or the doll's modeling Web site, BrigitteParoissien.com.



MYSFACE #10: THREE

BY TYLER DOWNEY



SCREEN NAME:

Tavia

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 961

STATUS: In a relationship

Modeling has taken Tavia all around the world, from her Queensland haunts to Singapore and the south of France. Of course, not all of these far-flung destinations have been as memorable as the time this uninhibited lass was posing in a rainforest and slipped away for a quickie with her boyfriend. As the couple made love on the soggy ground, leeches blanketed their entire bodies!

When looking for a man, Tavia knows what she wants: a good actor, for this hottie is truly into role-playing. Her favorite "part" is the hustling prostitute. Acting out an erotic fantasy, Tavia will have her guy drop her off on a corner, then drive around the block and pick the faux streetwalker up. Besides MySpace.com/Tavia_Spizer, the cyberdoll has a spicier Web site, KissTavia.com, featuring personal blogs and more awesome nude photos.



AUSTRALIAN SHEILAS

PHOTOS COURTESY GREG WRIGHT

DECEMBER **HUSTLER**

61



SCREEN NAME:

Belle

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 2,437

STATUS: In a relationship

"Spontaneous and random" is how our final MySpace sheila describes herself. Although Belle has been a successful international model for more than three years, her main passion is acting. The Gold Coast denizen recently finished a movie in which she was cast as the love interest of a baseball player on a Hong Kong major-league team. The fact that Belle didn't understand a word of what was being said didn't faze her at all.

Belle recently tempered her "MySpace addiction" after going on dates with three guys she'd met on her page. Unfortunately, none were her type, which Belle describes as "easy-going, intelligent and strong enough to stand up to me." She especially digs Americans and their accents.

Belle means *beautiful* in French, and it definitely applies to this standout Aussie. For a sizzling encore, we suggest heading to MySpace.com/BelleReed and Belinda-Belle.com.



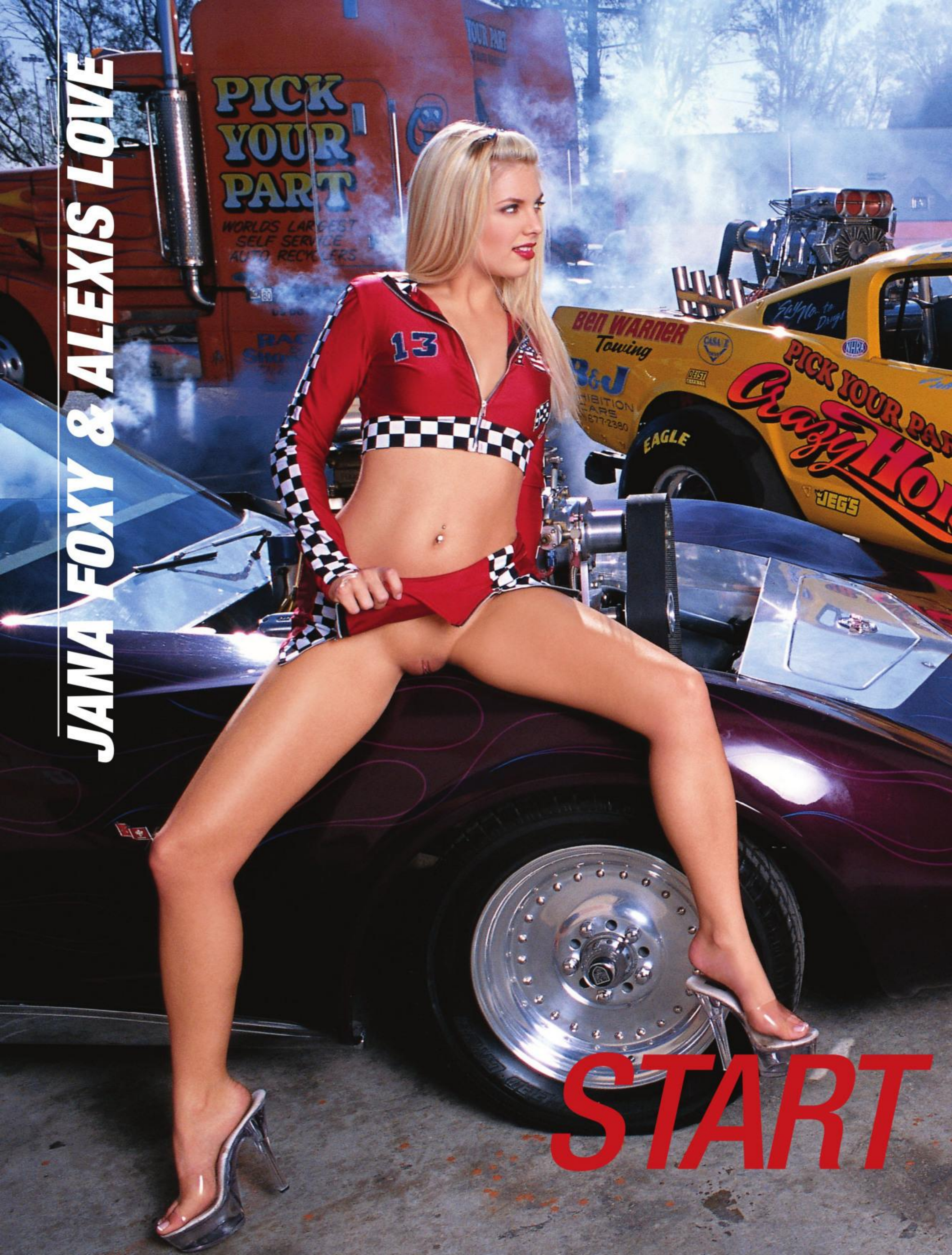
HUSTLER'S GIRLS OF MYSPACE ★



OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing Hustler@LFP.com. And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends. 🌐



JANA FOX & ALEXIS LOVE



START



GENTLEMEN, YOUR ENGINES!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



Since its inception in the 1930s, illegal street racing has killed numerous enthusiasts and innocent victims alike. Here are some key facts about this dangerous activity some foolishly consider a sport.

★ Seasoned racers sometimes plan showdowns ahead of time, communicating by two-way radios and using police scanners to avoid arrest. "On the spot" describes impromptu, spontaneous duels, usually commencing as a traffic signal turns green.

★ Street racers are subject to prosecution, and involved vehicles can be impounded for 30 days. Spectators or other nondriving participants face fines up to \$1,000.

★ The National Highway Traffic Safety Administration reported 135 fatal street-racing crashes in 2001, almost double 2000's 72 fatalities.

★ It is estimated that, annually, approximately 50 people are injured for every 1,000 who take part in street racing.

We here at HUSTLER do not condone unsanctioned street racing. It is illegal, dangerous and irresponsible. That is, unless naked chicks are involved. That kind of street racing rocks! This layout should get your motor running.











See fair-haired Jana Foxy driving it hard in *Girls Banging Girls* and *Barely Legal #69* from HUSTLER Video, while Alexis Love shifts gears in *Barely Legal School Girls #3* and *Barely Legal Corrupted #9* from HUSTLER Video and *18 & Easy #5* from VCA. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



On-the-rise comic **KATT WILLIAMS** lets loose.

Stand-up comedian Katt Williams is best known for his pimp-tastic performances in *Friday After Next* and *Norbit*. His career continuing to catapult, the diminutive funnyman from Dayton, Ohio, dropped by HUSTLER headquarters for an exclusive Q&A with Music Editor Keith Valcourt. Now find out what it takes to be “ghetto fabulous,” the difference between a bitch and a ho, and how life under a Katt Williams Presidency wouldn’t be that different from George W. Bush’s corrupt regime.

HUSTLER: You have invented some pretty creative expressions using the *N* word as a root.

KATT WILLIAMS: I didn’t invent them. I just think maybe I have been bringing them to the forefront. I don’t think I was the first person to say *niggerdom*. I probably said it best. Sometimes I just mix words together and come up with something. Jesse Jackson has the patent on all of that. So I’m not allowed to actually say I invented any words, because I think Jesse did a lot of it.

After the Michael Richards incident, several prominent comics—including Paul Mooney—came out and said they were not going to use the *N* word anymore because they thought using it in comedy was no longer funny. What do you think of that?

Respectfully, it is one of the dumbest things I have ever heard. I just don’t understand how you are 50 years old—enough time for you to have witnessed that black people have no rights at all—and all of a sudden one white man says *nigger* three times, and suddenly you have this epiphany. Like the word never hurt you before. It was never a bad word for you until just one moment in 2006.

What do you think of Michael Richards?

I don’t think of him—much like most Americans. I didn’t think of him until that exact moment.

Who have been major influences in your comedy career?

Initially I didn’t know that you could make money telling jokes. I didn’t realize that Richard Pryor was doing that for a living. I didn’t know that Bill Cosby was doing it and getting money for it. I just thought that they were silly, and people caught it. I didn’t know how the whole thing worked. Once I got into comedy, it’s all the usual suspects. I’ve become a student of it and tried to learn from them all. Of course, Richard Pryor, Lenny Bruce, those guys. But just as much George Carlin and Bob Newhart as anybody else.

When did you decide to make a living as a comedian?

When it worked. It worked the first time I did it, and they gave me \$50, and I needed that \$50. I also knew I had only been up there for five minutes. So I figured, “Five minutes for \$50? That’s crack money!” You’re with the big dogs then if you’re making \$50 every five minutes. Of course, later on I found out that was five minutes a week.

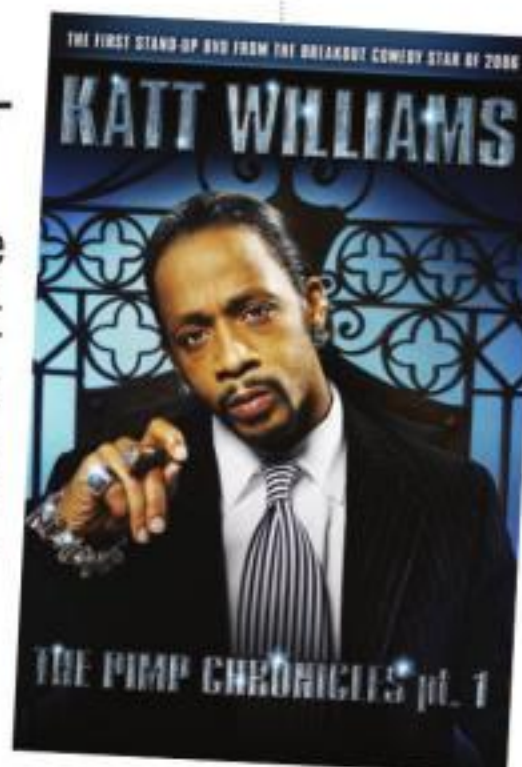
Your DVD is titled *Pimp Chronicles Part 1*. What does it take to be a pimp?

It takes an innate ability to not accept the fact that you can’t win. A lot of time winning has to do with not realizing there is another option. In the original connotation of the word *pimp*, just that fact that you could have somebody else do some work and by that make your living is an amazing concept. I guess that’s why it has lasted so long. That concept in and of itself is what makes all business run.

I don’t think Larry Flynt is actually taking the pictures. I don’t think he’s writing the articles and is actually setting up the art and the direction. What I think he’s doing is pimping. And that is important.

What is the difference between a ho and a bitch?

A ho is a job title or a constant state of mind. A ho is something that you are if you are a ho. Being a bitch is sometimes complimentary, sometimes offensive and sometimes matter-of-fact. Women can use it as a means of



BY KEITH VALCOURT



empowerment for themselves. I think there is an old adage that goes, "If a man does something, he's a businessman. If a woman does it, she's a bitch." There are other connotations to that word, but they are certainly not the same.

Are there any Katt Williams groupies?

I have fans, and then I have *strong* fans. Then I have fans that would like to exchange sexual favors as appreciation. They say, "I love your work so much, I'd like to suck your dick." You can't fault them for that, because you know if they had a vitamin water and I was thirsty, they'd probably offer that.

How does one go from being "ghetto" to "ghetto fabulous"?

Budgeting. Because you are generally placed in the ghetto situation. Few people actually choose to be "ghetto" or choose to be of or from the ghetto. "Ghetto fabulous" comes from good decision-making, risk reward and time management and all that. And maybe some mismanagement of living on the risk and saying, "I'm not going to pay the rent now; I'm going to get the best rims the world has to offer and worry about the rent later." To some it may seem stupid, but the ghetto is stupid for people who have never been there. "Ghetto fabulous" is a way of taking nothing and making it look really, really cool.

Are you political and, if so, what do you think about what's going on in the world today?

What's going on?

The Iraq War, for starters.

Ah, yes, that old thing. I don't know. I'd like to be political, but I don't know enough. I think I know things, but obviously I know nothing. Because I thought that you could go to jail for perjury. I thought that perjury was when you lie and that the law was for everyone. So I would think I'm being naive thinking that way, that if you were to tell millions and millions of people we are going to war with a country because of "this," and it's gonna cost 700 billion and the lives of American soldiers, and you know for a fact that you were lying when you said it and then hooking it up with another war. See, we keep forgetting that Afghanistan and Iraq are not the same place, as much as they

have tried to meld this into one thing. We've been lied to, but I can't complain about it, because I'm a student of the game. I first and foremost want to know how the game works. I'm getting a lesson through this particular administration that is very gangster. I'm a fan of "gangster." As much as I would like to hate Bush and his whole regime, I have to begrudgingly accept it.

What would you do if you were President?

I would follow as closely President Bush's example as I could. I would make sure that all of my friends were taken care of and that their interests tripled or quadrupled—1,000 percent more than they had when I wasn't President. If one of my friends shot somebody in the face, I'd make sure he got off. I would do whatever was necessary to line the pockets of the people that I roll with.

I would also want to follow Bush's example in not paying attention to what anybody says. Because it's terrible as a President if you think about it, but as a man, you can do whatever you want to do and say, "Take it or leave it; sorry, that's the way it is." I would try to follow his example again. If anyone had messed with my father, I would avenge my father. Who beat up my father? Let's kill 'em. I guess I'd be Bush too.

Finally, what do you think about HUSTLER Magazine?

Honestly, it has probably been as important to society as any major publication has been. From my experience, it gave you something you couldn't get anywhere else. I remember having it at an early age, and it was like we were walking

around with this treasure, and we passed it on. We put it under our bed. We only had one copy, and it was probably two years old. We knew all the pages and could turn right to the girl we liked best.

It was only later I found that they actually had articles in there. I didn't know why they threw those in. Not only the HUSTLER Magazine, but the HUSTLER story is amazing in and of itself. I've never lost sight of the fact that a guy built all this from pictures—pictures of other people. That type of work ethic and dedication in fighting the Establishment is still evident if you're picking up a HUSTLER Magazine today. I'm impressed. 🌐



The Truth About “Obama Girl”



PHOTO BY MATTHEW ALTENBACH © 2007 DIVA BIKINIS



America is wowed by a sexy viral video.



BY TYLER DOWNEY

ON JUNE 13, 2007, a three-minute video titled "I Got a Crush...on Obama" was posted on the popular YouTube Web site. In it a sultry girl wearing provocative attire writhes her hips at various Manhattan and Capitol Hill locales, intercut with C-SPAN-type footage and photos of Senator Barack Obama. Clad in a bikini and hotpants, the love-struck beauty voices her ardent feelings for the Presidential contender to an R&B beat. Putting the *date* into candidate, she croons, "You can 'Barack' me tonight" to the Illinois Democrat.

In only a few days the viral video spread like a fever across cyberspace, causing the mainstream media to take notice. "Obama Girl"—starring luscious, lip-synching Amber Lee Ettinger—became an overnight sensation.

It's safe to say that the young lady's good looks and buoyant spirit are largely responsible for the craze. An aspiring actress and model who once represented New

"OBAMA GIRL" PHOTOS COURTESY BARELYPOLITICAL.COM UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED



"By the way, your brother stopped by today while I was cooking dinner."



"Don't worry. That big boy can go from soft to firm in 6.5 seconds!"

THE TRUTH ABOUT "OBAMA GIRL"



The "Obama Girl" team (left to right): Kevin Arbouet, Leah Kauffman, Ben Relles, Amber Lee Ettinger and Larry Strong.

PHOTO COURTESY BARELYPOLITICAL.COM

York City in the Hawaiian Tropic beauty pageant, Ettinger has been featured in numerous magazines (*Maxim*, *FHM* and *Stuff*, to name a few). She has also been seen in music videos for Incubus and other recording artists. And, thanks to her stint as "Obama Girl," the babe was showcased as Miss Howard Stern TV for June 2007.

The masterminds of "I Got a Crush...on Obama" are ad executive Ben Relles and Leah Kauffman, who had collaborated on previous YouTube offerings. Relles originally conceived the clever spoof, which combined MTV-type music videos with electoral ads. Meanwhile, Kauffman—a student at Temple University in Philadelphia—co-wrote the humorous lyrics with her music producer, Rick Friedrich, and then recorded the up-tempo song heard on the video.

After seeing a Craigslist ad for a director, Larry Strong and his agent/manager Kevin Arbouet joined the team. (Both are reportedly co-producing the upcoming Whoopi Goldberg movie *Stream*.) In all, it only took about six hours to shoot the entire project as Ettinger seemingly wiggles her way across the Big Apple and the nation's capital.

Although Relles stated that "I Got a Crush...on Obama" was made "only for fun," its humor was lost on some. TV's talking-head chimps chimed in with the usual protestations over the clip's supposed lack of decency and its overt sex appeal. Obama's political team denied any involvement, then refused to issue any further comment. It remains to be seen what effect the video will have on the 2008 election...uh, that is, election.

One thing is for certain. Now that the Internet provides a platform for ordinary citizens to engage in political debate and satire with widely circulated videos on YouTube and other venues, the electoral process will never be the same. In fact, the "Obama Girl" team has set the benchmark for what individuals can do with a low-cost video camera, a little creativity and a sexy lingerie model dancing in the subway, Central Park and a legislative chamber.

Will this be the last we see of "Obama Girl"? Relles and his co-conspirators at **BarelyPolitical.com** swear it won't be, vowing they have many more videos planned. That's fine with us, because we definitely got a crush on Amber Lee Ettinger. 🍌

Classic Cinema's Sexiest Starlets

HUSTLER's *Many Faces of Beauty* series gets a Hollywood ending as we commemorate screen-dom's most alluring sirens. From Liz's violet eyes to Marilyn's lips to Bardot's derriere to Raquel's rack, here's a cavalcade of silver-screen icons who continue to leave viewers breathless.

JEAN HARLOW played wisecracking, unabashedly sexual women. Howard Hughes discovered the blond bombshell for 1930's aerial drama *Hell's Angels*. A year later she was a mobster's moll opposite James Cagney in *Public Enemy* and a socialite in *Platinum Blonde*. In 1932's *Red Dust*, Harlow's prostitute has a suggestive bathtub scene with Clark Gable at an Indochina rubber plantation. In 1933's *Dinner at Eight*, Harlow tells matronly Marie Dressler about an author's claim that "machinery is going to take the place of every profession." Dressler retorts: "That's something you need never worry about." Harlow's husband of two months—Paul Bern, an MGM executive twice her age—ostensibly shot himself. Only 26, Harlow succumbed to kidney failure in 1937 and was interred wearing a negligee in a crypt at Glendale, California's Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

The daughter of a Ziegfeld Girl and a Spanish dancer, **RITA HAYWORTH** attained stardom after she anglicized herself, going on to costar in 1941's *Strawberry Blonde*. Voluptuous Rita specialized in playing fallen women, such as opera's Carmen and (in 3-D!) Pago Pago prostitute Sadie Thompson. *Gilda* (1946) was highlighted by

JEAN HARLOW



RITA HAYWORTH



LANA TURNER

her sizzling rendition of "Put the Blame on Mame." Hayworth costarred with then-husband Orson Welles in 1947's *The Lady From Shanghai*. Two years later she eloped with Prince Aly Khan. Stricken with Alzheimer's, Hayworth died in 1987.

According to legend, while frequenting Schwab's drugstore on L.A.'s Sunset Boulevard, 15-year-old **LANA TURNER** wore a clinging sweater that accentuated her ample bosom—and a star was born. In 1946's *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, Turner personified film noir's femme fatales as an adulteress who schemes with drifter John Garfield to murder her husband. The pinup's résumé includes 1941's *Honky Tonk* and *Ziegfeld Girl*, 1952's *The Bad and the Beautiful* and *The Merry Widow* and 1955's *The Sea Chase*. Lana was Oscar-nominated for 1957's gossipy *Peyton Place* and costarred in 1959's *Imitation of Life*. Until her death in 1995, the "Sweater Girl" enjoyed a sensational off-screen life. She married seven times and had one child, a daughter who in her early teens killed Turner's abusive lover, gangster Johnny Stompanato.

Possessing an exotic allure, **AVA GARDNER**

appeared in *Singapore* (1947), *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (1952), *Mogambo* (1953), *Bhowani Junction* (1956), *The Naked Maja* (1958) and *55 Days at Peking* (1963). When Robert Walker kisses a statue of the Greek goddess of beauty in 1948's *One Touch of Venus*, the marble figure comes alive as Ava. Gardner—who married actor Mickey Rooney, musician Artie Shaw and crooner/actor Frank Sinatra—died in 1990.

As a 1940s child star, London-born **ELIZABETH TAYLOR** appeared in *National Velvet* and *Lassie* flicks, then played Spencer Tracy's daughter in 1950's *Father of the Bride*. In 1951's *A Place in the Sun*, Taylor portrayed a patrician who drives Montgomery Clift to drown his plebian wife (Shelley Winters). Liz and Monty's exquisite close-up kiss is a classic moment of celluloid sexuality. Taylor costarred with Rock Hudson and James Dean in 1956's *Giant*, was Maggie the Cat opposite Paul Newman in 1958's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and won her first Oscar

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

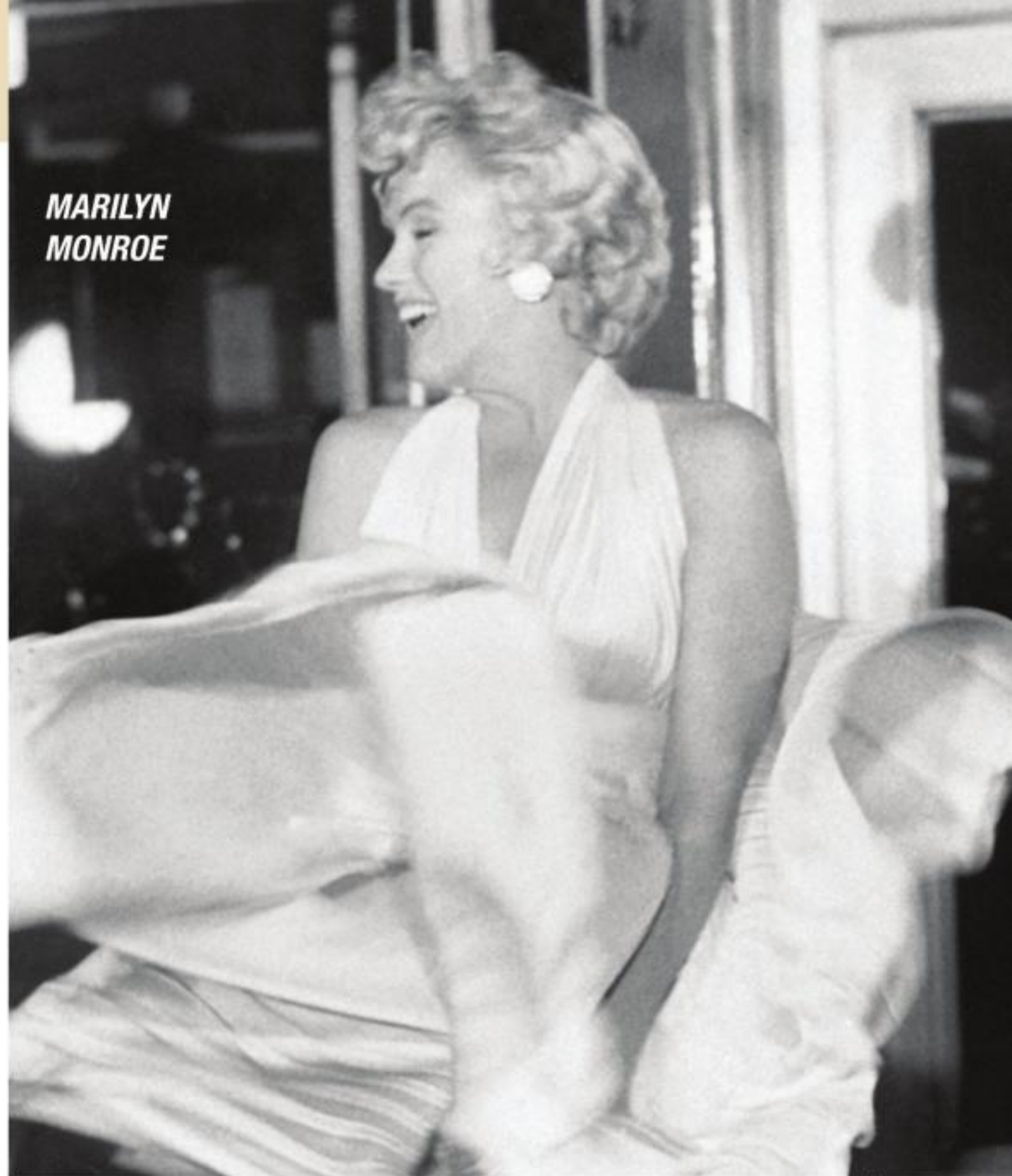


AVA GARDNER





**DOROTHY
DANDRIDGE**



**MARILYN
MONROE**

as a call girl in 1960's *Butterfield 8* (costarring Eddie Fisher). While shooting 1963's *Cleopatra*, Taylor dumped Fisher (whom she'd stolen from Debbie Reynolds) for costar Richard Burton. Liz and Dick—who'd marry and divorce twice—also paired in *The V.I.P.s*, *The Sandpiper* and *The Taming of the Shrew*. Meanwhile, Taylor garnered a second Oscar for 1966's *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

Film historian Donald Bogle was "intoxicated by **DOROTHY DANDRIDGE**'s lush beauty" when he first saw 1954's *Carmen Jones*. Earlier in her career, she was cast in jungle films (such as 1942's *Drums of the Congo* and 1951's *Tarzan's Peril*) and in "race pictures" (notably 1947's *Ebony Parade*, with Count Basie and Cab Calloway, and 1951's *The Harlem Globetrotters*). Dandridge also co-starred in several "A" releases, including 1957's *Island in the Sun* (with Harry Belafonte, James Mason, Joan Fontaine and Joan Collins) and 1959's *Porgy and Bess* (with Sidney Poitier, Sammy Davis Jr. and Diahann Carroll). In a racist Hollywood with little use for her, Dandridge overdosed in 1965 at age 42. Halle Berry depicted Dandridge in a 1999 biopic.

L.A.-born **MARILYN MONROE** knew that in showbiz, big breasts—not diamonds—are a girl's best friend. In 1953, Marilyn graced the cover of *Playboy*'s premiere issue. During the 1950s this talented comedienne, singer and dancer lit up the screen in *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, *How to Marry a Millionaire* and *The Seven Year Itch*. In 1959's *Some Like It Hot*, Monroe melted audiences (and Tony Curtis) by cooing, "I want to be loved by you, just you, boob boob e doo." Marilyn's rendition of "Happy Birthday" at a JFK Presidential gala still raises eyebrows. Monroe's marriages to Yankee slugger Joe DiMaggio and playwright Arthur Miller—and numerous other romances—captured head-



**BRIGITTE
BARDOT**

lines, if not lasting happiness for MM. Conspiracy theories link Monroe's 1962 death at age 36 to her alleged affairs with the Kennedys.

Bikini-clad **BRIGITTE BARDOT**'s dance in a Saint-Tropez café in husband Roger Vadim's *And God Created Woman* (1956) catapulted the nubile nymph to the front ranks of cinema's love goddesses. Bardot's image as the pouting sex kitten was cemented with *Naughty Girl*, *Mademoiselle Striptease* and other 1950s fare. In addition to her magnificent physique and penchant for casual nudity, Bardot had talent. While Jean-Luc Godard's camera pays homage to her *au naturel* derriere in 1963's *Contempt*, she holds her own in the arty New Wave film. In *Viva Maria!*—Louis Malle's 1965 musical-comedy ode to revolution—the singing, dancing BB could send any red-blooded male to the barricades. Bardot became an ardent animal lover in later years and married a leader of France's racist Front National

party, but her legacy as carnality incarnate will never fade.

The term "va-va-va-voom!" seems invented for Pennsylvania-born **JAYNE MANSFIELD**. Younger, blonder, bustier and less talented than Marilyn Monroe, Mansfield is remembered more as a glittering starlet with big tits who died dramatically than for any particular roles. The 1955 Playmate appeared in 1950s comedies—*The Girl Can't Help It*, *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*—and the 1960s crime drama *Too Hot to Handle*. In 1957, Mansfield had her mansion painted in her favorite color and renamed it the "Pink Palace." Sporting reputed 46D breasts, the ditzy bombshell once observed, "Cleavage, of course,



JAYNE
MANSFIELD



ANITA EKBERG



URSULA
ANDRESS



SOPHIA
LOREN



JANE FONDA



RAQUEL
WELCH

helped me a lot to get where I am. I don't know how they got there." During a 1957 dinner with actress Sophia Loren at Romanoff's, Mansfield's mammaries plunged beyond her plunging neckline, as they did in Berlin when weightlifter husband Mickey Hargitay lifted her to reach overhanging grapes during a party. According to legend, Mansfield lost her head in a 1967 automobile accident, although the decapitation is disputed. Many believe it was simply a wig or the blonde's scalp that investigators found in the smashed windshield.

In mainstream cinema, **SOPHIA LOREN**'s staggering figure has had few rivals, and at age 60 the voluptuous Italian was still flaunting it during a striptease in Robert Altman's 1994 film *Prêt-à-Porter*. Also statuesque, Loren was the first actress to strike Oscar gold in a foreign-language film, portraying a rape victim in Vittorio De Sica's *Two Women* (1960). She also appeared opposite Cary Grant in 1958's romantic comedy *Houseboat* and Charlton Heston in 1961's epic *El Cid*. In Charles Chaplin's *A Countess From Hong Kong* (1967), Loren inspires a diplomat (Marlon Brando) to abandon his political career and loveless marriage, with Brando mumbling, "I'd rather be happy than President." Loren—who wed a much older man, producer Carlo Ponti, in 1957—is renowned for onscreen romances with suave Marcello Mastroianni in such De Sica classics as 1963's *Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow* and 1964's *Marriage Italian Style*. Costarring with Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon in 1995's *Grumpier Old Men*, the age-defying beauty could still make men young and old ungrumpy.

The well-endowed **ANITA EKBORG** stole the show—and filmgoers' breaths—in Federico Fellini's 1960 masterpiece *La Dolce Vita*. Clad in a low-cut gown, Ekberg delivers an unforgettable cinematic moment, as timeless as the Eternal City itself, during an eye-popping aquatic frolic in Rome's Trevi Fountain with leading man Marcello Mastroianni. Although the sultry Swedish sex goddess appeared mostly in European films, Ekberg went Hollywood in 1963's *Call Me Bwana* opposite Bob Hope and *4 for Texas*, costarring Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Ursula Andress.

In 1962, **JANE FONDA** portrayed hooker Kitty Twist in *Walk on the Wild Side* and a frigid suburbanite in *The Chapman Report*. After personifying femininity in 1965's Wild West comedy *Cat Ballou*, Fonda appeared opposite Marlon Brando and Robert Redford in 1966's *The Chase*, then played Redford's bride in 1967's *Barefoot in the Park*. The 1968 sci-fi spoof *Barbarella* featured Fonda—tucked into a see-through spacesuit—performing out-of-this-world sexcapades. Fonda married Bardot's ex, Roger Vadim, and moved to France. As a staunch antiwar activist, Fonda traveled to North Vietnam in 1972, prompting critics to dub her Hanoi Jane. Not surprisingly, Fonda's onscreen projects mirrored her political sentiments. *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (1969) is set at a Depression-era dance marathon. In Godard's 1972 *Tout Va Bien*, French workers seize a factory. After roles as the feminist-like Nora in 1973's *A Doll's House* and an antifascist in 1977's *Julia*, Fonda won an Oscar for 1978's anti-Vietnam War film

Coming Home. She also appeared in 1979's anti-nuclear *The China Syndrome* and 1980's pro-labor *Nine to Five*.

URSULA ANDRESS burst out of the screen in 1962's *Dr. No*, in the inaugural 007 film (featuring Sean Connery as secret agent James Bond). Looming like Venus on the half shell in Botticelli's 15th-century painting, bikini-clad Andress's character sported the sexually suggestive moniker Honey Ryder and was so drop-dead gorgeous that she set the template for future "Bond Girls." Indeed, in 2002's 007 thriller *Die Another Day*, Halle Berry paid homage to her predecessor's undulating oceanic presence. Appropriately, the Swiss-born Andress—who costarred with Elvis Presley in 1963's *Fun in Acapulco* and appeared in 1965's *She* and *What's New Pussycat?*—was cast as Aphrodite (Venus's counterpart in Greek mythology) in 1981's *Clash of the Titans* opposite Laurence Olivier.

Curvaceous **RAQUEL WELCH** is arguably the last of classic cinema's red-hot lovers. Wearing a prehistoric bikini-style loincloth, the head-turning newcomer was propelled to fame in 1966's *One Million B.C.* Also released in '66 was the sci-fi adventure *Fantastic Voyage*, which reduced the chesty heroine to microscopic size. Welch also costarred in *Bedazzled* (1967), as Lilian Lust; *The Magic Christian* (1969), as the "Priestess of the Whip"; *100 Rifles* (1969), as a Mexican guerrilla leader having an interracial affair with Jim Brown; and *Myra Breckinridge* (1970), as the titular transsexual. Rediscovering her Latina roots, Welch appeared in indies—notably 2001's *Tortilla Soup*—and played Charlene Van Ness in the 2007 CBS-TV series *The Captain*.

Features Editor Ed Rampell is a film historian/critic who wrote Progressive Hollywood and coauthored Made In Paradise: Hollywood's Films of Hawaii and the South Seas and Pearl Harbor in the Movies.



"Paris, dear, Mr. Wyzniewski doesn't need to see your pee-pee!"



ARIA GIOVANNI

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL





It should come as no surprise that **Aria Giovanni** has a one-track mind. "My life is about sex," maintains the world-famous model/actress. "When I lost my virginity at an early age and discovered how much I love to screw, my destiny was defined. I spend every moment of every day doing something sexual. Whether it's making a film, performing for my Web site, getting off with a hot guy or just masturbating in public, I love sex!"





Aria, whose career catapulted after garnering 2000's *Beaver Hunt* Grand Prize, is truly precocious and uninhibited. "At this point there isn't a place I haven't tried to have sex," she confides. "Indoors, outdoors, in a car, on a New York City subway platform, you name it, and I've tried it. If you can come up with some place I haven't fucked yet, let me know. I'm always looking for a new experience."









Living in the Big Apple offers a multitude of spare-time experiences, but the seductive, photogenic goddess seems to prefer the mellower ones. "I love to hang out at some of the great museums," **Aria** coos. "MoMA [Museum of Modern Art] is my favorite. Museums are peaceful and a great place to meet people. On a good day I'll pick up a lucky guy (or girl) and head to my apartment for some afternoon delight. My world really does revolve around sex."



We love a gorgeous woman with a one-track
mind—especially when it's on our track.





ARIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: New York City

AGE: 30

BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio

HEIGHT: 5-6

MEASUREMENTS: 34D-25-35

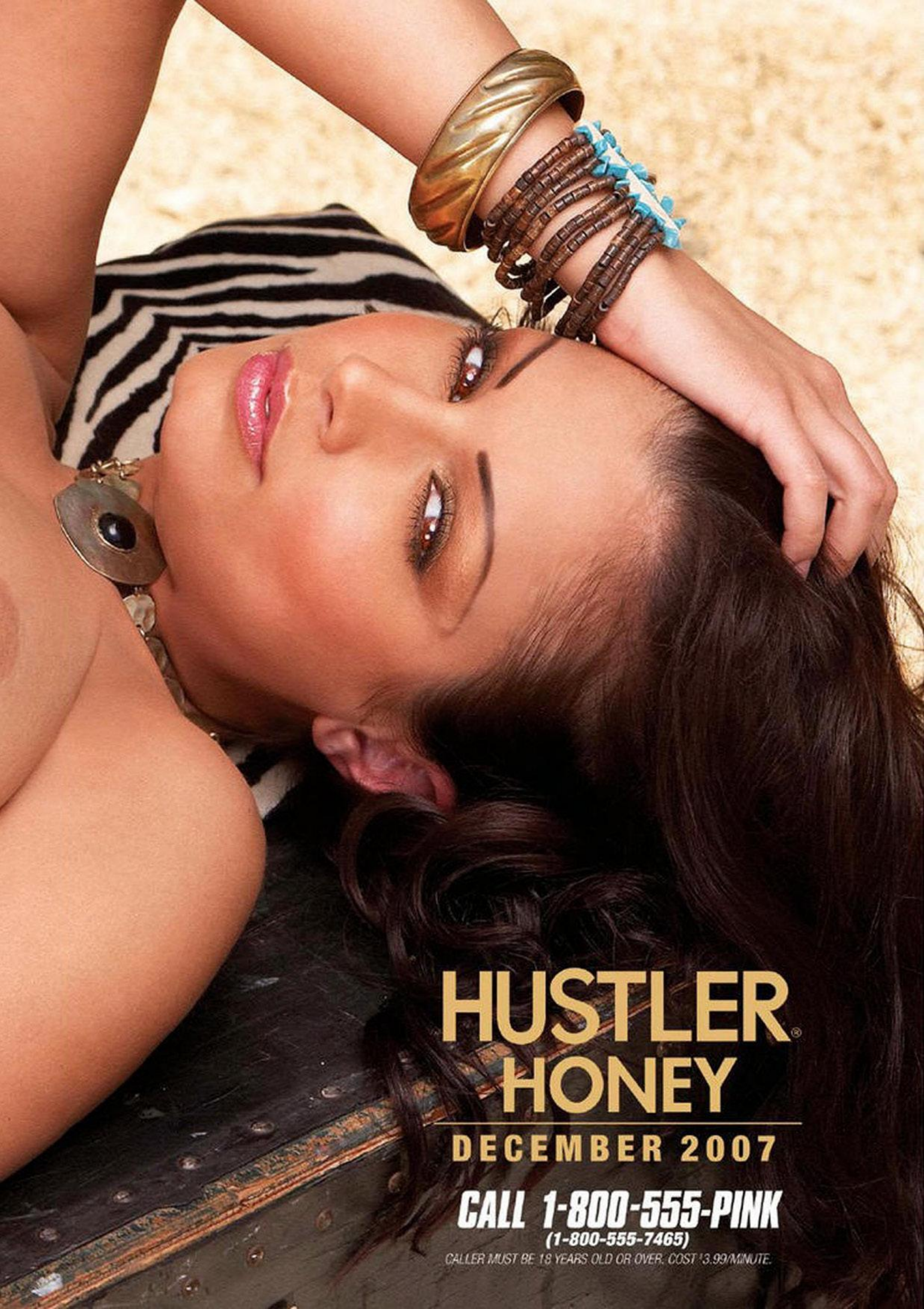


*It's Time to
Get Wild*

*xoxo
Aria*

d!

10
Giovanni



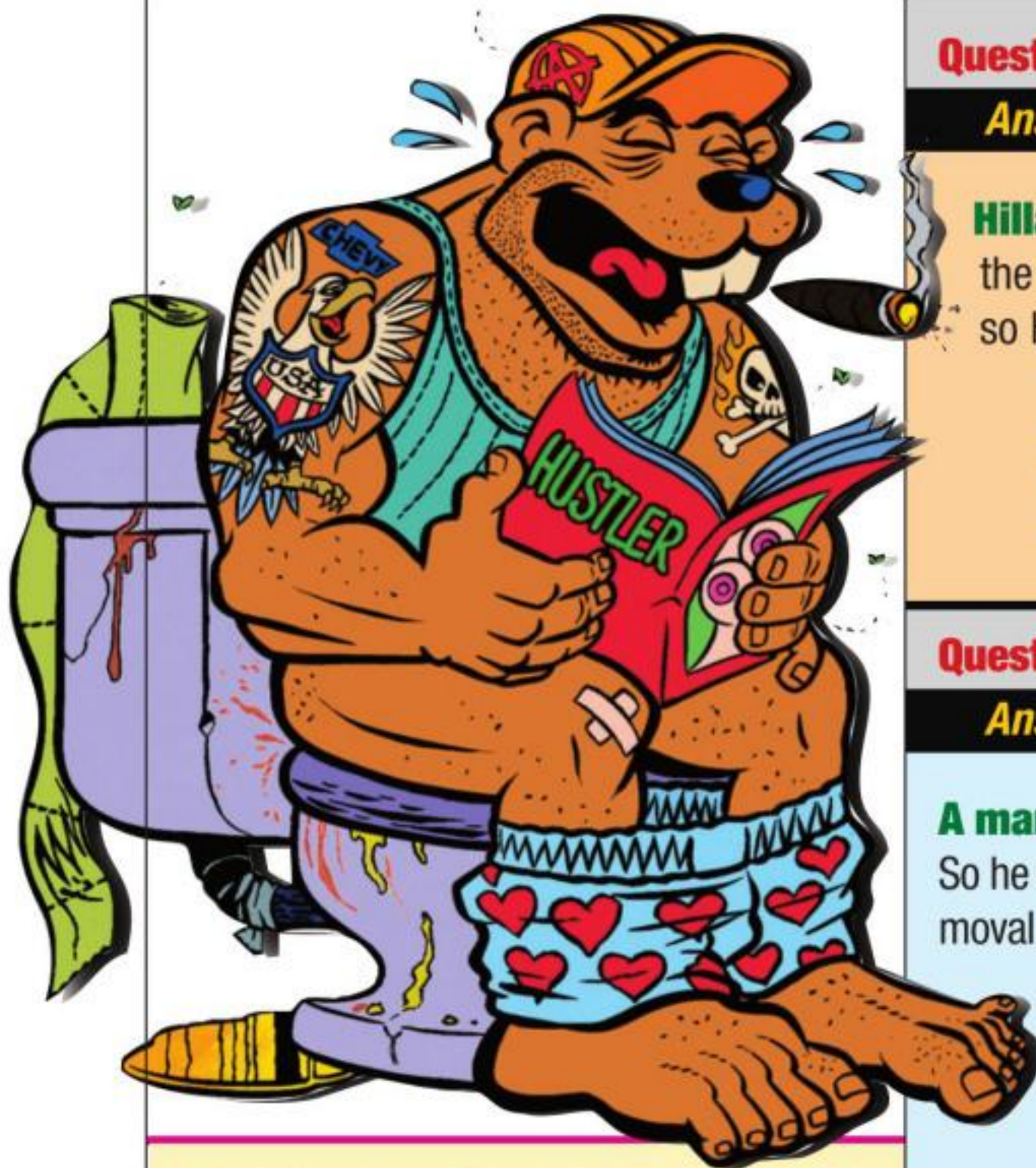
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A couple had sex for the very first time. Afterward the woman barked, "That was horrible! You must be the worst lover in the world!"

"That's ridiculous!" her male partner countered. "How can you possibly say that after only ten seconds?!"

Question: How does a man show that he's planning for the future?

Answer: He buys two cases of beer instead of one!

Hillary was lying in bed wide-eyed awake when she started to poke Bill in the back. "Wake up!" she yelled. Her husband just turned over and groaned, so Hillary poked him again and demanded, "Wake your ass up!"

"What do you want?" Bill grunted in a sleepy voice.

"I'm going to the bathroom," Hillary answered.

"You woke me up just to tell me you're going to the can?!" Bill snapped.

"No," Hillary cooed. "I want you to save my place!"

Question: What's a sure sign that you're pussy-whipped?

Answer: Houseplants are everywhere, and you can't smoke any of 'em!

A man walked out the door one morning and noticed a grizzly bear on his roof. So he looked in the yellow pages and sure enough, there was a listing for "Bear Removal." He called the number and was told someone would arrive in 30 minutes.

The bear remover showed up an hour later and got out of his van, then grabbed a ladder, a baseball bat, a shotgun and a mean old pit bull.

"What are you going to do?" the bewildered homeowner asked.

"I'm gonna climb this ladder," the bear remover explained, "and then knock your visitor off the roof with this here baseball bat. When it hits the ground, my pit bull is trained to grab the bear's crotch and not let go. The critter will then be subdued enough for me to put it in the cage in the back of the van."

Before climbing the ladder, the bear remover handed the shotgun to the homeowner, who nervously asked, "What's this for?"

The bear remover muttered, "If I get knocked off the roof, shoot the fucking dog!"

Question: What's a lesbian's favorite position?

Answer: Shortstop.

When the newlyweds returned from their honeymoon, it was obvious to everyone that Rob and Jane weren't talking to each other. The best man took Rob aside and asked what was wrong.

"Well," the greenhorn husband replied, "when we finished making love on the wedding night, I got up to go to the bathroom and put a \$50 bill on the pillow without even thinking."

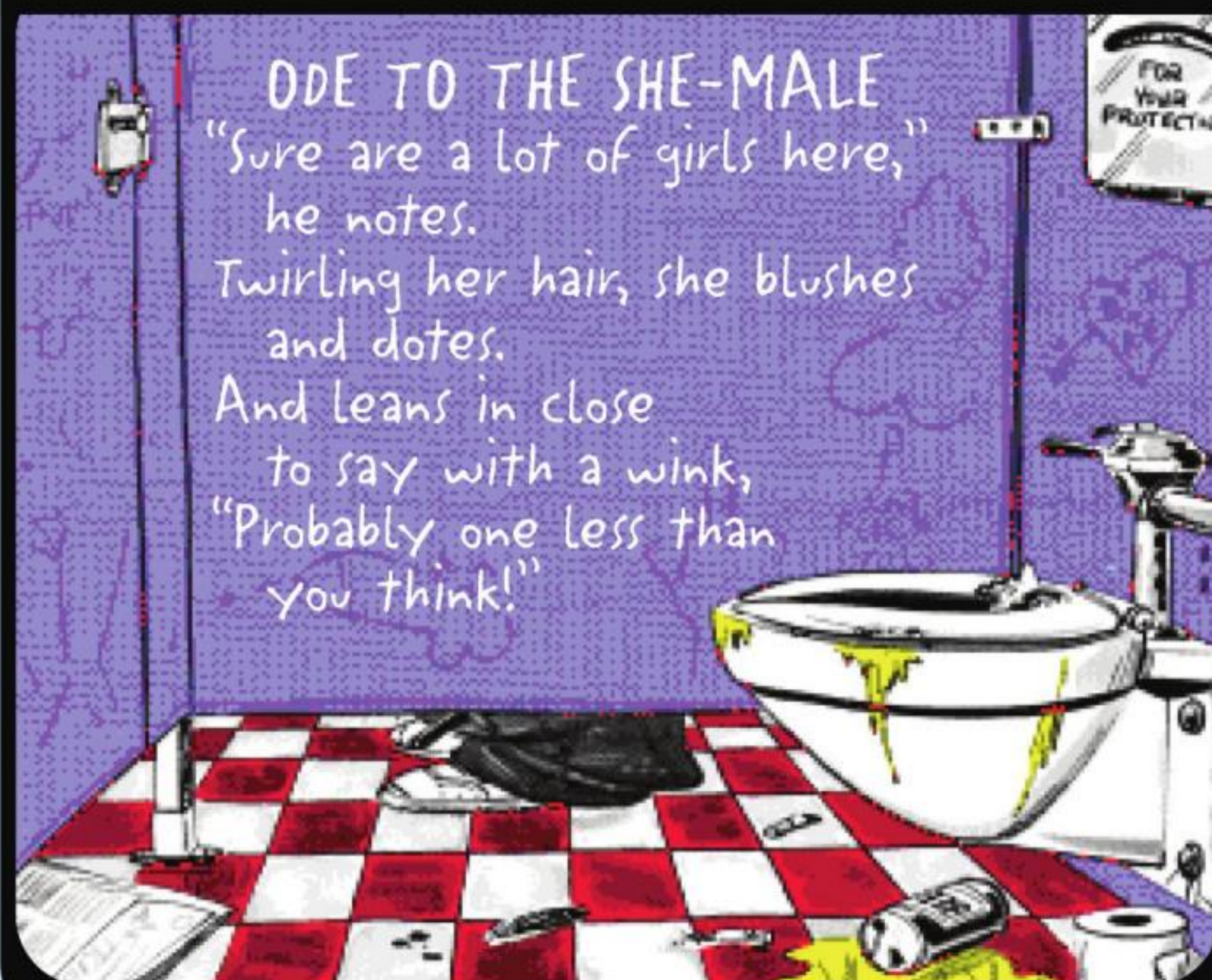
"Oh, you shouldn't worry about that too much," the best man told him. "I'm sure Jane will get over it soon enough. She can't expect you to have been saving yourself all these years!"

Rob nodded in agreement, then remarked, "Still, I don't know if I can get over it. She gave me \$20 change!"

A reporter asked the President, "Sir, how have you been lately?"

"Let's see," the leader of the Free World replied. "I've got my health. Everything is fine, my heart is good and my mind, knock on wood. Who's there?!"

GRAFFiLTHY



Thanks and \$50 go to Susan D.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



FISHBONE

Pussy, Politics and Pissing Their Pants

In the past 25 years ska-punk-funk-rock pioneers Fishbone have seen and done it all. Now vocalist/saxophonist Angelo Moore and bassist Norwood Fisher, the band's creative backbone, recount some of their wildest antics during a memorable stop at HUSTLER headquarters.

HUSTLER: The new Fishbone CD, *Still Stuck in Your Throat*, has a track called "Let Dem Hos Fight." So what do you guys think of the "nappy-headed ho" controversy?

FISHER: Well, what we did is we made a video with some stringy-headed hos so we could put a little balance to it. You know. We had some stringy-headed hos, some curly-headed hos and some nappy-headed hos. All that was missing was a bald-headed ho. That turns me on more than anything.

Have you had a bald-headed ho?

FISHER: I had a bald-headed ho. She was my girlfriend for almost three years. She was a fine, bald-headed ho with a nice, round ass. I like all hos!

MOORE: That's crazy as hell, loving all hos equally.

Got any good groupie stories?

FISHER: Well, at one point or another they became girlfriends.

MOORE: That's a trip how that happened.

FISHER: I got kids by a couple.

MOORE: I knew my baby's momma before we were Fishbone.

Ladies love the band: Norwood Fisher (top left) and Angelo Moore.



PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

A look at the best new comedy DVDs out now.

What's So Funny?!

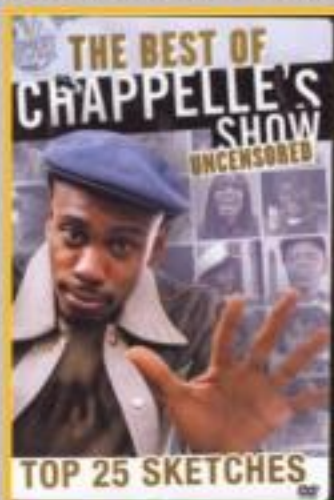


PORKY'S: THE ONE SIZE FITS ALL EDITION

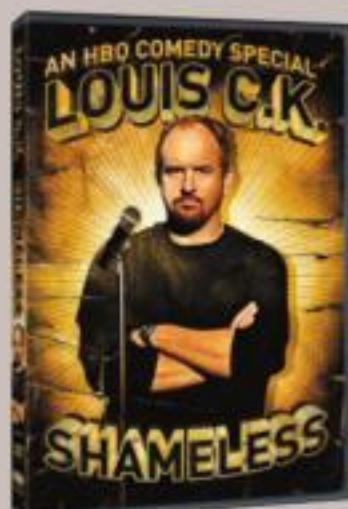
If you want to relive the time when you used to sneak into forbidden R-rated movies, check out the original 1980s teen-sex comedy. All the favorite characters you remember so well are here, including Pee Wee, Meat and a very young Kim Cattrall delivering an orgasmic performance. The new *Porky's* "One Size Fits All Edition" also offers commentary from the director and extra peephole shower scenes.

THE BEST OF CHAPPELLE'S SHOW UNCENSORED

Maybe you live under a rock and have never seen Dave Chappelle's groundbreaking sketch comedy show. Or maybe you're like



us and were too damn cheap to get cable or buy any of the comic's previous discs. Either way this DVD is for you. The one-disc best-of collects the top 25 sketches from Dave's shows, including his impersonations of Rick James, Samuel L. Jackson and Prince.



LOUIS C.K.: SHAMELESS

One of the brashest and most unsung voices on the comedy scene for the past two decades delivers an assault of hilarity on his latest HBO special. Now a late-night TV regular and the star of the boob tube's underrated *Lucky Louis*, C.K. gives his unique take on blue-collar married life with kids.

STEVEN WRIGHT: WHEN THE LEAVES BLOW AWAY

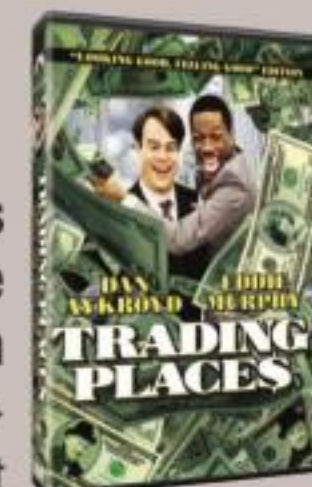
In his first stand-up special since 1990, deadpan comic genius Wright returns with his dry



sense of humor, sardonic wit and irony fully intact. This DVD also includes Wright's short film (*One Soldier*) and archival footage from the New England native's early days ("Steven Wright: Boston 1988").

TRADING PLACES: LOOKING GOOD, FEELING GOOD EDITION

Take Eddie Murphy in his hilarious prime, toss in the comic brilliance of Dan Aykroyd, add the movie-going public's first peek at Jamie Lee Curtis's bare breasts, and you've got *Trading Places*. The just-released "Looking Good, Feeling Good Edition" is fully remastered and features a ton of extras, including brand-new commentaries from the entire cast and crew. ■



Then the band came along, and she was somewhat of a groupie. We got married, had a kid and then the whole *War of the Roses* divorce. Now she's just a bitch. Shit!

FISHER: There was a time these two girls took me to an abandoned house in Victoria, British Columbia. We smoked tons of honey-oil hash. Then I fucked them both in this abandoned house. A rat actually crawled over us while we were all fucking.

Did it stop your flow at all?

FISHER: Didn't stop a goddamn thing! It did freak me out a little bit. If that rat would have had at my nut sac, I would have been in trouble.

Fishbone has always been the funkiest political band out there. What do you think about what's going on in the world these days?

MOORE: What's going on is very unfortunate, is very inconvenient and is the truth. Like that Al Gore movie with the global warming coming up and the glaciers melting and shit. The war in Iraq and Bush still being in office. It's a big, fucking mess, man!

FISHER: I'm ashamed, and I think that the people of America should be ashamed that Bush is our President for all this damn time now. People just accept him as President when he really didn't win either election? First time I was like, okay, people aren't going to take this shit, and they'll be rioting in the streets. This is America.

I forgot that New York got tamed. If they tamed New York, then they can tame the fucking world! George Bush is in the same position that Hitler was in as far as he has just overrun a whole country of people, and those people just sit back and watch this guy act like a dictator over a democratic nation. And they just take it!

MOORE: How are you going to follow a President that got on TV and apologized for the war and said, "I fucked up"? Then after he does that, he sends more troops over there. So who's really in control? The people certainly aren't. Bush can say anything he wants to say.

Are we doomed?

MOORE: It is going to take a big explosion or implosion. America is going to implode. They're blowing up everybody else.

They're going to implode from the inside. Something big has to happen before change can come about.

FISHER: I would hope it would be like a revelation rather than a revolution—because you can stop a revolution. But if there is actual revelation where people's mind are awoken, I don't know what that might look like or what it might take. Something that couldn't be stopped.

What is the worst stage injury you've ever sustained?

FISHER: Angelo taking a gouge out of my shins with his brand-new Doc Martins, steppin' right into my shins doing some spectacular dance moves. Now Angelo is the man of many injuries.

MOORE: Aw, shit! Where do we begin?

FISHER: Let's start with what started it all—the Dead Kennedys.

MOORE: Dead Kennedys' 1984 "Dinner Is Served" concert at the Starlight Roller Rink. I seen them skinheads getting up there and jumping. I walked in there with a Jheri curl and a—

FISHER: Flight suit.

MOORE: Flight suit. A pop-lockin' suit I got from Merry Go Round. I seen them punks run up there and jump off the stage and thought, *That looks fun*. I ran and did it, and the floor opened up, and I landed straight on my knee. I'm sitting off in the corner, holding my knee, going "Oh, damn! Oh, shit! My knee!" And that's what started all my punk-rock career. "Oh, damn! Oh, shit! My knee!"

FISHER: You got dead people's knees now. There were also many times I pissed myself onstage, or when Angelo shit on Japanese TV.

Did you really shit on Japanese TV?

MOORE: Did I shit on Japanese TV? Really?

FISHER: Yeah, you did! It was a long time ago. I think we were promoting the second CD, *In Your Face*. We was on this Japanese TV show, and your insides was whirling—

MOORE: Uh, (continued on page 100)



Let dem hos fight. Just remember to place your bets.

The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

OSZY OSBOURNE: *Black Rain*

The "Prince of Darkness" sounds revived and reinvigorated on his new CD. Although none of the tracks measure up to his early solo work, it's a solid effort. At the very least it reminds us that Ozzy is not just the star of a goofy reality show, but is still the voice of rock 'n' roll!



LINKIN PARK

Minutes to Midnight

These California rockers ditch the rap/metal style that made them stars with stunningly powerful and bombastic results. While some tracks border on Depeche Mode worship, the overall disc is a decent-sounding endeavor.

PATTON OSWALT

Werewolves and Lollipops

Although he is best known for playing Spence, the pudgy sidekick on the mainstream sitcom *King of Queens*, Oswalt is a sick bastard. The alternative comic (whatever that means) delivers this very funny new CD and DVD packed with uncensored attacks on everything from KFC to Paris Hilton.



RICK JAMES

Deeper Still

When Rick James died in 2004, he was enjoying a resurgence in popularity and recording like a madman. The first of what promises to be several posthumous discs finds the funkmaster in a mellow, romantic mood with seduction on his mind. Highlights include "Taste" and "Stroke."

SUZANNE VEGA

Beauty & Crime

Best known for her 1980s hits "Luka" and "Tom's Diner" (with DNA), folk/rock singer Vega has turned out a disc of sultry and seductive tunes. *Beauty & Crime* is sure to impress (and maybe help you undress) that cynical girl you've been chasing for months. Highlights include "Zephyr & I" and "Pornographer's Dream."



CROWDED HOUSE: *Time on Earth*

Returning to form after a ten-year hiatus is the original lineup of C.H. (minus drummer Paul Hester, who committed suicide in 2005). The band's latest CD is packed with hummable pop gems that are sure to garner more critical acclaim and fan adoration. (continued on page 100)

FISHBONE

(continued from page 99)

FISHER: You didn't get up and go to the toilet. You shit your pants on fucking Japanese TV.

MOORE: Really? Wow!

FISHER: We were performing, and you went for a high note and lost your bowels. It ran down your socks.

MOORE: Could that have happened?

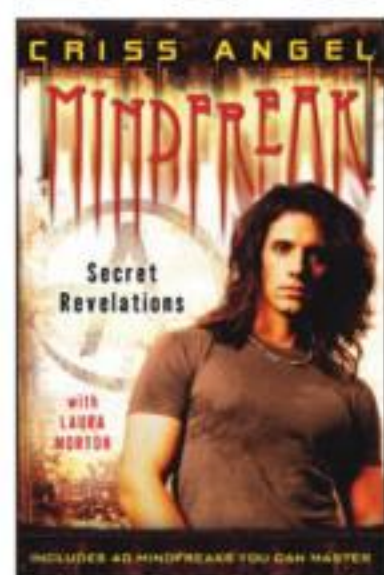
FISHER: I have pissed my pants several times myself onstage in my career. The first time [was when] we played a show in Baltimore. It was in the fucking winter, and I

I was in the interview, and I had to get up and go to the toilet.

didn't know anything about packing for snow. I'm cold as hell, and we're playing this little room called the 8x10. I wanted to play there because it was one of the few places in America that the Sex Pistols had played. Fuck, yeah! It was so fucking cold, and outside we just got fucked up drinking Jack Daniel's all day before the shows. In the middle of the set I tried to pinch off my dick, and I just started pissing my pants like crazy. All down into my shoes. I did pull my dick out and pissed on the back of the bass like three times again before the show was over.

MOORE: Shit like that happens—when you gotta go. ■

NEWS BOOKS THAT ROCK



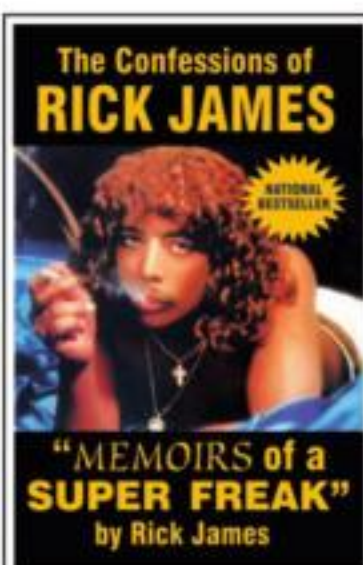
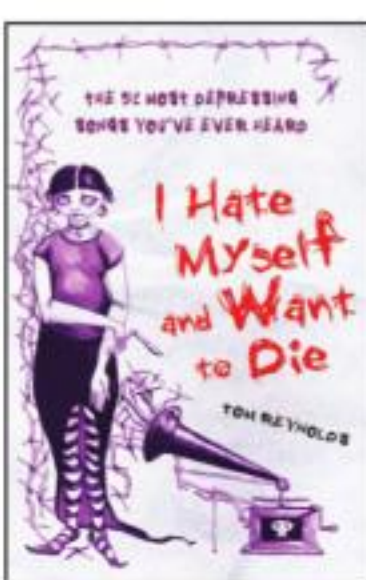
Mindfreak: Secret Revelations by Criss Angel

Criss Angel provides a tantalizing, behind-the-scenes look into the life and secrets of the contemporary magician. The master illusionist's

new book is a fast-and-fun read, and hey, you just might learn a trick or two you can use to impress chicks.

I Hate Myself and Want to Die by Tom Reynolds

Here's a literary work that really should bear a warning label: "Do not read this book if sad, depressed or suicide-prone." From the Beatles to Ben Folds Five's "Brick" to everything Nirvana, Reynolds's vibrantly downtrodden tome "analyzes" the 52 most depressing songs of all time.

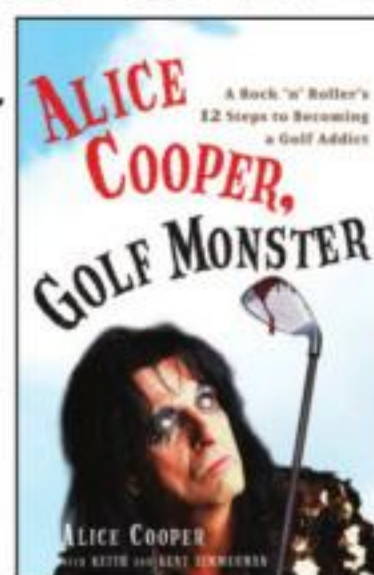


The Confessions of Rick James: "Memoirs of a Super Freak" by Rick James

Unlike most glossed-over celebrity memoirs, Rick James's are as raw and real as the man himself was. Reading what the "King of Funk Punk" wrote down while he was in prison is like sitting in a room with the legendary rocker and listening to him riff on his many vices, including crack, chicks (some famous) and courtroom battles. Rick James may be gone, but the dude sure did live while he was here.

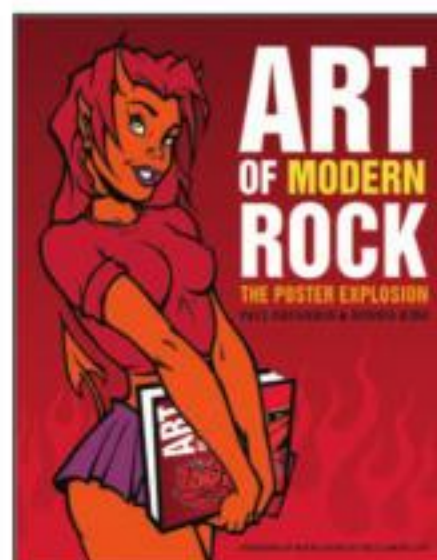
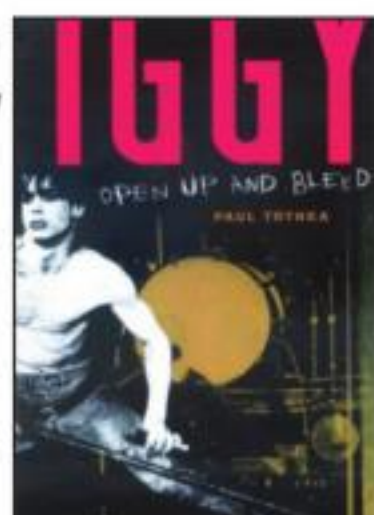
Alice Cooper, Golf Monster by Alice Cooper with Keith & Kent Zimmerman

The original shock rocker's new book is a hilarious and personal chronicle of his addiction...to golf! After reading it, we're convinced that golf has a Zen-like power and almost want to pick up a set of clubs. Almost.



Iggy Pop: Open Up and Bleed by Paul Trynka

In this secondhand account of the punk rocker's life, the author interviews friends, family members, band-mates and dozens of hangers-on—basically everyone except Iggy Pop himself. Maybe that's why this detailed chronicle of the rise, fall and rebirth of the former Mr. James Osterberg seems a bit too factual and impersonal.



Art of Modern Rock: The Poster Explosion by Paul Grushkin & Dennis King

This hardcover coffee-table book showcases 1,800 full-color, eye-popping reproductions of standout rock posters from 1985 to the present. Among the amazing artists featured are Peter McPhee, Justin Hampton, Frank Kozik and, of course, Coop. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

BLONDE REDHEAD: 23

Alt-rock slackers rejoice! Your "Dark Side of the Moon" has arrived. Fans of everyone from Death Cab for Cutie to Sonic Youth will enjoy the trio's latest offering. While we know it's not in your nature to smile, this masterpiece will force you to.



EVERYTHING IS ENERGY

Everything Is Energy

Chris Shinn's vocal range could make even a young Robert Plant jealous. With his new band, the former singer of Unified Theory gets to fully express his musical vision while channeling everyone from Jeff Buckley to Shannon Hoon and Klaus Nomi.



THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS

The Else

The quirky Brooklyn duo takes a break from making kids records to release this electrifying blend of sonic madness and live energy. After all these years, John and John still know how to deliver an album that is packed with fun and pleasantly murky pop.



THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS

We Are the Night

Get ready for more of those "Block Rockin' Beats" from the Grammy-winning DJ collective. Danceable weirdness abounds on this follow-up to *Push the Button*, which includes "The Salmon Dance," featuring Fat Lip (formerly of the Pharcyde).



AESOP ROCK

None Shall Pass

We hate to go out on a limb here, but this may be the dopest hip-hop record to drop since the Beastie Boys released *Paul's Boutique*. Underground rap pioneer Aesop Rock's bangin' CD features so many tight beats and dope rhymes, it could be confused for a greatest-hits compilation.



NEW PORNOGRAPHERS

Challengers

We love the New Pornographers, and not just because of their smutmeister name. Okay, that's part of it. But this, the outfit's fourth CD, is even more brilliant than their last CD, *Twin Cinema*, which was great. And, of course, the group's name does end in Pornographers. ■





"Boss, I don't think black folks are gonna be pissed off one bit if you don't allow them down here."



IT'S ALL ABOUT THE ASS



Jodie Foster



Britney Spears



Sharlely Kerssenberg



Showbiz T&A

GAME, SET AND SNATCH! Well, bare breasts at the very least. Here's British model **Sharlely Kerssenberg** and her picture-perfect pair. The ex-girlfriend of onetime tennis boy wonder and European tabloid mainstay **Boris Becker** has never been shy about showing off her terrific tits. Why would she be? Those melons are absolutely scrumptious! One look at that ridiculous rack will have you reaching for more than your fuzzy balls.

The bottom line on fame is the need to keep your assets in tiptop shape. However, for some A-list celebs, it isn't so easy. Pop tart **Britney Spears** has been through a lot lately what with her pending divorce, trips to rehab and flashes of public nudity. Sources say the songbird is now on the mend and preparing for

a comeback. Sadly, Britney's once-stellar ass seems to have absorbed the brunt of all those bad times and may never come back.

Speaking of lackluster fannies, we also present the tail end of Academy Award winner **Jodie Foster** at the tail end of a long day in front of the camera. You would think an accomplished actress who got her start as a bare-bottomed Copertone model might pay more attention to her backside. Sorry, Jodie, we appreciate your work so much, we hate to make you the butt of a joke. But...

Got any risqué pics of a famous figure? If you sell them to us, we can show them to the world. You know you want to. Contact us at NakedCelebs@LFP.com about publishing them. 📧

MOVIE Mammaries

SPOTLIGHT ON SHOWGIRLS

THIS MONTH, INSTEAD OF SHOWCASING just one or two actresses' risqué résumés of nude scenes, we focus on what many of us regard as the most flesh-tastic flick of all time. This campy cult classic boasts more uncovered boobs per minute than any other film since the invention of the movie camera: *Showgirls*.

Directed by Paul Verhoeven (*Basic Instinct*, *Robocop*, *Total Recall*, *Black Book*) and written by the king of mainstream sleaze, Joe Eszterhas (*Basic Instinct*, *Sliver*, *Flashdance*), this much-maligned offering is packed with more peaks than any mountain range you've ever seen.

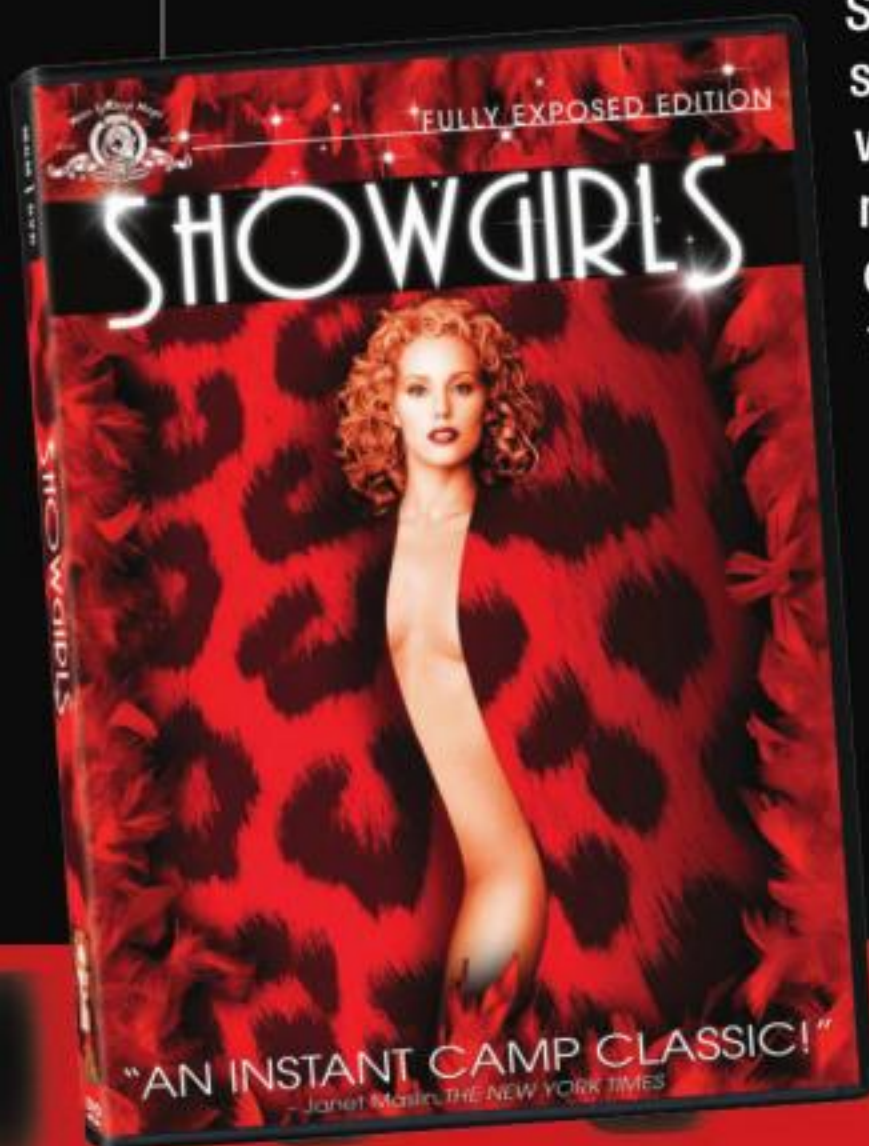
The 1995 box-office bomb stars a young and hungry **Elizabeth Berkley**, who apparently had no choice but to shed her goody-goody image. Before top-lining *Showgirls*, her biggest credit was a turn as Jessica "Jessie" Spano on the Saturday-morning kids TV show *Saved by the Bell*. Ironically, Berkley wasn't the producers' first choice for wannabe Nomi Malone. Drew Barrymore was originally tapped to portray the stripper-turned-starlet. We're pretty sure that Barrymore—already an established star when *Showgirls* went into production—wouldn't have committed to the role like the desperate-for-fame Berkley did.

If seeing the gorgeous blonde topless, bottomless, giving lap dances, working the pole and engaging in simulated sex (in no less than a dozen scenes) is not reason



GINA
GERSHON

Rent This NOW!





ELIZABETH
BERKLEY



enough to love this film, you also get to see a bunch of anonymous bare-breasted beauties jiggling about in a bunch of production numbers.

Then there's **Gina Gershon**. Yes, *that* Gina Gershon, the tawny bombshell with the pouty lips and penchant for onscreen lesbian lip-locks! Remember *Bound*? In *Showgirls*, Gershon—cast as Cristal Connors, the bitchy prima donna of the hottest topless revue on the Las Vegas Strip—is the object of everyone's desire. The smoldering vixen prances and dances (sans top), and yes, she enjoys a passionate makeout session with half-naked eager beaver Berkley. Watching Gershon in action, you're glad the producers didn't get their first choice, an already-past-her-prime Madonna, to play Cristal.

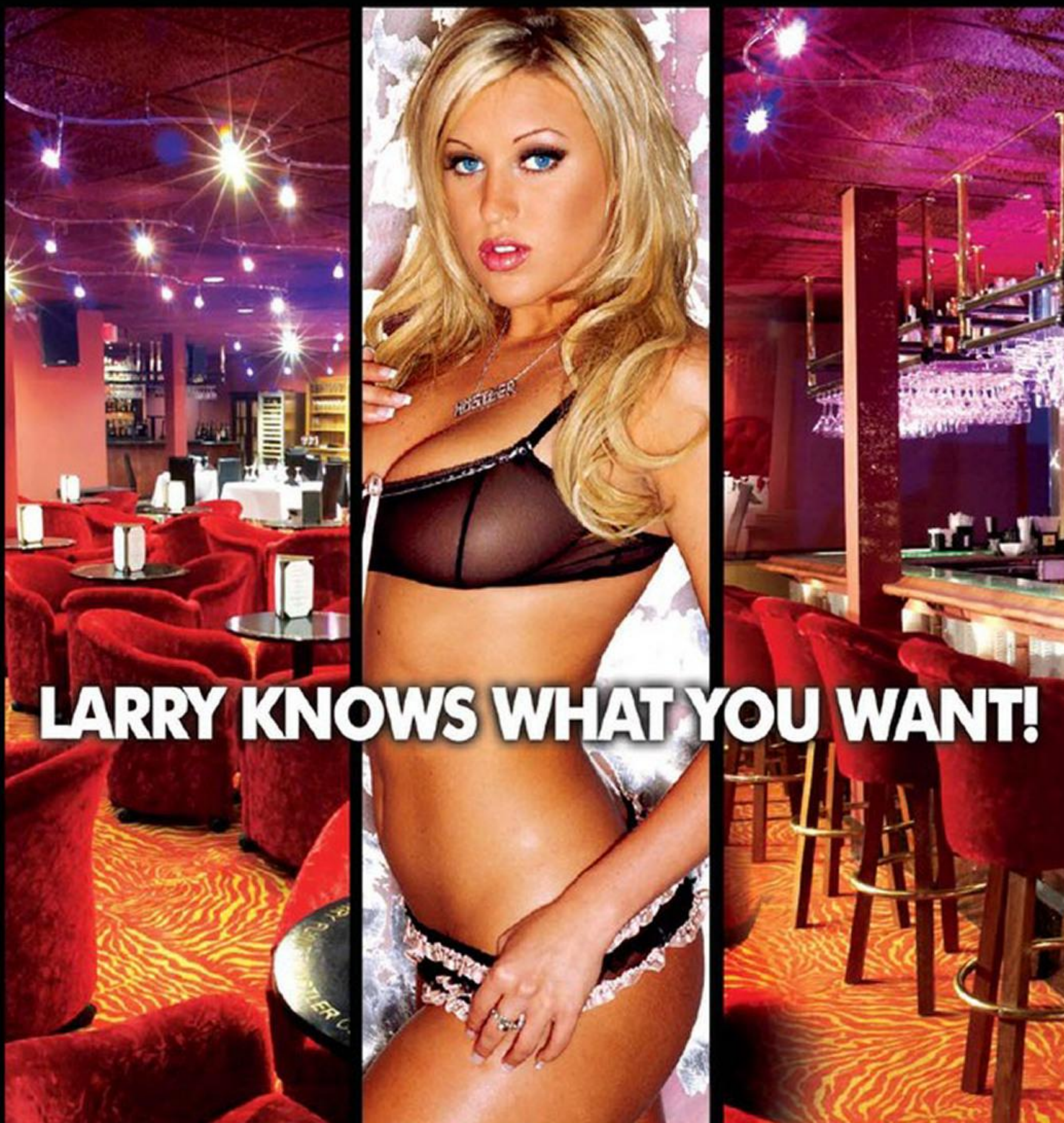
The laughable plot takes Nomi through the sleazy underbelly of Vegas strip clubs and showrooms. Eventually, she becomes Sin City's biggest star by pushing Cristal down a flight of stairs.

What else can we say about this must-have DVD? Tits! Boobs! Milk bags! Well, that, and it costars Kyle MacLachlan of *Twin Peaks*, *Sex and the City* and *Desperate Housewives* fame. Did we mention tits? Finally, thanks to the fine folks at MGM Pictures for providing us with a bevy of steamy images.

We hope you have enjoyed this extra-long look at the most breastacular film ever to grace the silver screen. The new "Fully Exposed" edition of *Showgirls* is now available on DVD for you to own and savor again and again. And dare we say it? Again!

Remember, every month HUSTLER delivers the best in cinematic skin. Let us know what you think by e-mailing us at NakedCelebs@LFP.com.





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**BORED IN THE
U.S.A.**

By Sharon Bass

**The candid revelations
of three housewives and
one guy seeking fun and
excitement on live chat lines.**

Calls to LIVE chat lines are at EXPLOSIVE LEVELS from HOUSEWIVES looking for fun, and wanting to talk to guys (married or not) about anything and everything. We found three women and one guy who frequent a very popular chat line called **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** and asked them why they are turning to a phone line for sex. Not surprisingly, the answer to our questions seemed to lead down one common path each time - Uninhibited, Instantaneous SEX, anytime, anywhere.

It's Friday night, "Susan's" husband is away on a business trip and her pussy is dripping wet with no one to satisfy her. Does she reach for the vibrator again? No, first, she picks up the phone and calls **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** looking for a man that will make her come over and over again.

"I get so lonely, and bored. Weekends and evenings are so hard on me, so I fix it fast, by finding a horny guy on the chat line who's...**REALLY HARD** and ready for me!" exclaims "Susan". She continues, "Calling the chat line for no-holes-barred sex talk is a necessity, it's become part of my evening routine."

**I GET SO BORED
AND LONELY**

"Stephanie" will be the first to tell you she has an insatiable need for sex. "My husband is

a great guy but he can't keep up with me," she says. "I call **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** about 4 times a week. It's free for me, and luckily, Daniel (husband) sort of looks the other way. It works for both of us, I get a different guy when I want and he gets to sleep through the night."

As "Stephanie" spins her wedding band around her finger she admits, "Just cuz I'm



"Stephanie", (married 5 yrs) in Florida admits, "The chat line feeds my continuous need for sex. My husband just can't keep up with me."

married doesn't mean I can't have sex chat with anonymous guys," she says. "It (being married) adds another level of excitement to calling the chat line."

**UNINHIBITED,
INSTANTANEOUS SEX,
ANYTIME ANYWHERE!**

"I'm a realtor so I'm always working. Scheduling sex with my husband just doesn't work for me. I've been calling the live chat lines for eight months," claims "Kim".



Spontaneous live chat sessions are common in "Kim's" hectic life as a Realtor. "When I want it, I want it NOW! I'm always on the phone so I can get away with it very easily."

"I came five times on one call....while in my car!"

"I admit, when I first called I was nervous, but this guy had me rubbing my clit within minutes. Needless to say, it made me so hot, I've been calling ever since. I can't get enough of talking about sex, some might say I'm addicted to it."

"Kim" says she's made many new "friends" since calling **1-800-WIFE-CHAT**. "I actually met one guy for an innocent lunch which made our future calls with him even hotter. It seemed liked I was cheating....but I wasn't. Talk about having your cake and eating it too!"

**100% REAL
HOUSEWIVES**

"Yeah, I was skeptical about the girls on chat lines." Says "Will" computer programmer by day, chat line stud by night.

"Turns out, **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** is the REAL deal, they're 100% real married chicks, no actresses like other chat lines. I was surprised by how many wives liked to talk sex for hours." Will exclaims. "Some of these chicks can't get enough of me. It only cost's me \$1.99 a minute and I get to fuck as many married women as I want!"

**No actresses
like other
chat lines.**

Warning - **1-800-WIFE-CHAT** (1-800-943-3242) is an adult community designed to connect Horny Men with Bored Housewives for explicit adult chat and is intended for people 18 or older only.

CASSIE YOUNG



STAR



My plan is to be the biggest star the porn world has ever seen," proclaims up-and-coming **Cassie Young**. "Unlike every new girl that comes into town and does porn, I don't want to be the next Jenna Jameson. I want to be bigger than that! In ten years time I want those girls just starting in the business to say that they want to be the next **Cassie Young**!"

Brassy and sassy, **Cassie** sure has the mind-set of a hard-core performer destined to succeed. "Sex for me on and off the set is about the same," the Hollywood denizen tells us. "I can get just as wet fucking a guy when the cameras are rolling as I do when I'm in my own bed with the right friends. I say *friends* because I have a problem with commitments. There are just too many hot people out there I would like to be with to limit myself to just one. I say if you want to be my lover, just play it loose and go with the flow."

STRUCK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY





And those are words **Cassie** herself abides by. "My favorite position is for me to be on top," the far-from-shy cutie confesses. "That way I can control how fast or slow the sex session will go. It feels great, and I get the perfect friction on my clit."



CASSIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Hollywood

AGE: 24

BIRTH SIGN: Cancer

HEIGHT: 5-7





The spunky coquette offers a perfect send-off to boot. "I hope that your readers like me and these photos," **Cassie** reflects. "If they do, then they should check out all of my DVDs. I get a big thrill out of knowing that some guy somewhere is getting off watching me fuck. That makes me feel like a real star."







Nancy Ann is a freelance writer contributing insights on love and romance. As a service to happy couples everywhere, she highlights the latest sexual enhancements in the U.S., Canada, and Europe (see www.nancy-ann.com for related columns).

Installment 2
(in an ongoing series)

**Loving
the
Colossal
Load**

WHAT WOMEN REALLY WANT: A MONSTER FACIAL

Impress her by increasing your "Ropes"

After posting a letter from a woman who experienced her lover's new-found enormous (and consistent!) orgasms and revealing the European supplement that he used to achieve his power gushes, I've since received a number of letters from curious women who have also experienced their partners' vigorous cumshots. I would like to share an email from another female reader that proves what I've known all along: Not only do women find a man's hearty orgasms deeply erotic, more importantly they also measure male virility and strength not by cock size, but rather by the force and number of orgasmic contractions, ejaculate volume and extended intensity of orgasm stream.



Deanna writes:

My boyfriend and I hate using condoms, and since I don't want to get pregnant, we protect ourselves by using the old-fashion "pull" method: he fucks me silly and then when he's ready to blow his wad he pulls out and releases. Lately we've started watching a lot of porn to spice up our fuck sessions, and although most of the male actors are well-endowed, I've realized I don't get hot by large cock size, instead I'm completely turned on by the way the guys usually finish — shooting loads all over the girls' faces. The more volume and length of the guy's climax, the more orgasmically crazed I become. The idea of being on the receiving end of a monster load is so erotic, I've started begging my man to cum as hard as he can on my face and tits.

Well, I've since become obsessed; each time I find myself wanting more, more and more cum, that is! Don't get me wrong, my sex life is great, but I wish my man's loads were stronger. I'm not only disappointed with my boyfriend's weak finishes, I'm also let down by the majority of lame pops depicted in the skin flicks we watch. But I must say, when I do witness the occasional out-of-the-ordinary onscreen orgasm, I cum almost immediately.

Sensing my "super-load" infatuation, my boyfriend recently experimented with a supplemental enhancer and lately his orgasms have gone from "whispers" to "roars." When he pounds me missionary and pulls out, now he can consistently reach my face with a hot stream of spunk. And he just keeps cumming! I love it so much he lets me grip his cock so I can feel it squirting and pumping. He coats my face, neck and tits constantly. And every time, it never fails: as I drown under his never-ending "ropes," my own orgasms are absolutely "off the chart."

His mammoth loads are far more impressive than most of the male onscreen adult actors, and these ritualistic cumbaths have improved our sex life tremendously. But it

doesn't stop there! He's able to get a second erection right away, starts fucking me again, longer and harder, and ends up giving me yet another huge jizz-drenching!

When I asked him how he strengthened his orgasms, he told me he started using a supplement you recommended in one of your columns (He says he reads your Web advice regularly). I want to know the name of the enhancer so I can pass the info on to my girlfriends. All girls should be so lucky!

Deanna G.
Chicago, IL

Deanna, as I've mentioned in previous columns, I'm happy to report that across the U.S. and Canada more and more men are finding out about and using this unique orgasm enhancing supplement, learning that not only do they themselves benefit sexually, so too do their partners. The secret is out:

even though women don't openly talk about it, most of us absolutely crave a giant load!

The contractions and release during male orgasm can be multiplied using an all-natural product called Serogen. Although formulated for men to trigger stronger, longer orgasmic experiences by strengthening the vas deferens muscle, an added bonus — from a woman's perspective — is that these powerful contractions men achieve while in the throes of an orgasm can induce an intense, female climax.

Moreover, the term "ropes" is actually European slang for the added contractions and heightened release that cause these "rope"-like effects during male orgasm.

Serogen is so effective that lately there has been a flood of knock-off products (after all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery!) that use subpar blends (you can read my orgasm enhancer reviews on my Website). As far as finding Serogen in the States, the original importer is a small distributor called Somalab. Since the success of Serogen, the company recently introduced two new products for men that contain additional premium blends with more benefits than the original. Somalab products ship discretely almost anywhere in the world. These unique supplements can be ordered by contacting the distributor toll-free at 1-866-SOMALAB. Orders can also be placed through Somalab's informational Web site: www.strongerorgasms.info.

Nancy Ann

Nancy Ann



"Our relationship is purely professional. She's a hooker."

SO WHO'S REALLY IN HOT WATER?

Yale University's David Thier examines a surprisingly publicized phenomenon: shower sex.

Last semester, thousands of people across the country opened their newspapers and found a story about two Yale students having sex in a dorm shower. While the supposed decadence and depravity of the elitist Ivy League was making waves, one suddenly infamous couple just laughed their asses off.

They knew that showers are a great place to get it on. The heat gets the blood flowing; wet, slickened bodies make for a great slapping noise; and the participants come out even cleaner than when they'd first stepped in. The situation only gets sticky for later arrivals.

For carnal activities in dormitories, showers may rank right up there with residents' beds. Many students champing at the bit have discovered that even with a prior arrangement, a frantic midnight call or a sturdy steam shovel, sometimes a roommate just isn't going to budge. In that case, determined lovebirds head to the showers.

Triggering one couple's unexpectedly newsworthy tale was a plumbing problem. It seems prolonged showering in Yale's Calhoun College building can cause the stalls to overflow. The male half of the headline-making duo holds firm that their frolic had nothing to do with the exceptional flooding. "We're pretty sure that the person that turned us in is just a mean, egotistical bitch," he said. The couple, both of whom requested anonymity, refused to comment on the hoopla to anyone besides HUSTLER.

Whatever the reason, Professor Jonathan Holloway—the Master of the residential college (one of 12 at Yale)—got wind of the situa-

tion. With notable tact, he addressed the subject of shower sex in a bulletin to Calhoun students. "Well, *this* is the most awkward college-wide e-mail I've ever had to send," Holloway began. He went on to make it clear that while "this may be exciting and pleasurable for you...[the showers] are not to be used by couples engaged in intimate activity—especially that kind of activity that leaves the showers in a decidedly less hygienic state."

Holloway's e-mail quickly circulated throughout the Yale student body, delighting and titillating most recipients. Soon the *New Haven Register* picked up the story, prompting an explosion of Internet buzz and media coverage. Within days, Fox News, *USA Today* and the *New York Times* were reporting on what was dubbed "Showergate." Strangely, people were surprised that there's sex in the ivory tower.

At Yale we couldn't get enough of this bizarre attention. While our fellow Americans may have been clicking their tongues and shaking their heads, we were rolling on the floor laughing...and fucking in the showers. The female student who helped get the ball rolling thought that the whole affair "was hilariously overblown." In the end, nobody was more surprised by the sensationalism than Yalies, but mostly because we couldn't believe anybody gave a shit.

One blogger, sophomore Dan Gelertner, asserted that this incident was a "new chapter in the story of Yale's continuing descent into the depths of moral degradation." He probably would have been displeased to hear about more horny couples rushing into the showers after they got the idea from the national media. (In the interest of full disclosure, this reporter is guilty as well.)

Come on, Dan, we're not morally degraded; we just know a good idea when it pops up. Gelertner insists he's waiting for marriage, but I'm willing to bet if he found a pretty girl to join him for a shower, he'd turn on the hot water, and it would be "thar she blows!"

What's shocking here isn't the demise of the Yale man's haughty image, the debauchery of the elite or the stain on a shower wall. It's that the mainstream media would expend the slightest space or time to "inform" the American public that college kids have sex in showers. In a world where environmental crises are sometimes relegated to the inner pages of a daily or deep into a newscast, it's sad to see that an innocuous romantic tryst is deemed so important. Yes, college kids—even those at Yale—have sex in showers. It's not news.

I recently saw a "Showergate" article printed next to a poignant piece on the homeless dying in cold weather. I can only guess which one more people chose to read.

David Thier, a sophomore at Yale, writes for the arts-and-leisure section of the *Yale Daily News*.



Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at Features@LFP.com.

HUSTLER has long been a haven for the uninhibited, but bookworms who love showing skin are a special breed indeed. Coeds: Be a BWOC by sending us some naughty pictures and garner \$350 in financial assistance!



DANIELLE STORM



"I've been a stripper in a play," reveals this theater major at California's Chapman University, "but I didn't get to take everything off." However, after meeting a shutterbug during a Hawaiian vacation, Danielle Storm, 20—who hails from Monsey, New York—was ready to frolic au naturel for a vast audience. And the 5-foot-1 sophomore's script sizzles. "Outside the bedroom I try to be discreet," the "always-horny" coed confides, "but when I get to play with a guy, I'm wild and crazy. In polite conversation I'll call the male organ a penis, but when I'm fucking, I'll call it a cock! You should also know that I have no taboos. I've tried everything, but I most enjoy giving and receiving oral pleasure." As a thespian, bi-curious Danielle has done *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (penned by William Shakespeare, her favorite playwright), but the coquette's Mr. Right-Now dream is far from Elizabethan: "I want a crowd to watch me being fucked while I'm bent over the handlebars of a motorcycle." —Photos by Friend

"I don't want to be a porn actress, but I love being naked and getting down for any sexual act imaginable!"



COEDS: To apply, follow detailed instructions in model release/entry form on page 125 and indicate *Real College Girls* on submission envelope.



"C'mon, baby. It's so easy, even a caveman can do it!"



NIKKI LEE



"On my wedding night I want to scream, 'Here comes the bride!' at least ten times."

"A photographer I work for wants to marry me," announces Nikki Lee, 27, "so I met him halfway and posed in a sexy wedding getup." Unveiled for the first time in a mag, our bodacious December bride is a beauty consultant by way of Robinson, Texas, and a true-blue exhibitionist. "I like to go out on the town in a short skirt," the 5-foot-4 filly divulges, "and when my beau goes to the can, I let people know I don't have panties on." As for getting it on, Nikki confides, "I'm open-minded and spontaneous." While not into developing emotional attachments to women, Ms. Lee hosts all-girl sleepovers. "We usually just cuddle and kiss," the sweetie notes, "but I have a fitting fantasy for y'all: a threesome with my two best girlfriends by a pool." —Photos by Friend



Caught basking in her birthday suit is a ribald lingerie-store manager from Wilmington, North Carolina, who'll turn 23 in December. "I'm doing your



ALISSA



contest because I want to be famous,"

toots the 5-foot-8 neophyte, and being a forthright jezebel won't hurt the cause. "I have hard, hair-pulling sex every day, and I love it all—oral, 69, doggy, spooning, missionary and anal. I also love watching porn films. Maybe I'll even do one someday." Meanwhile, Alissa—who often hankers to personally pamper her "sensitive coochie," but shines on sleeping with chicks—has a wish: "On my birthday I'd love to jump out of a cake naked and get fucked by a muscular guy with a big, fat, long dick!" —Photos by Boyfriend



Hearty congrats to *BH* fave **MORI** ANNA, a new bride who'll be 21 in December and is a mom-to-be! "I'll be sending pics," vows Mori, who graces the upcoming *Best of Beaver Hunt* special, along with fellow b-dayer Jaimie, plus dozens of other tempting amateurs.



SEXY SUNDAAE



"I'd love to go to a bar, pick up two guys and take them home for some wild, kinky sex!"

"I like showing off my body," says this 5-foot-10 Web girl from Grover Beach, California, who now gets to do so in her favorite mag—with a bang! "I get a warm, tingly feeling all over." Sexy Sundae paints herself as "sweet, laid-back and flirtatious," but the 27-year-old bi gal is a total pleaser when she's hot to trot. "I love giving oral sex and the missionary position," reveals the lanky libertine, "but I'm willing to try new things. My job isn't done until I've put a smile on someone's face." —Photos by Boyfriend

SKY



"I'm not offended by being called a MILF. I like knowing that guys want to fuck me!"



"Being naked in a magazine is hot," states this mom and aspiring nude model from Haina, Hawaii. "Guys are horny, and I want to help them." For further assistance, Sky, 25, coos, "I love sex, especially doggy-style, as much as a guy. I like girls too." The 5-foot-7 cutie pie—who also digs skinny-dipping and collecting sea glass at the beach—doesn't specify a fantasy, but these seven words are heavenly: "I'm open to a lot of things!" —Photos by Friend

**DEBBIE**

Here's a bus driver and travel buff from Saginaw, Michigan, who's a truly busy Beaver. "I'm always eating my man's Indian sausage and riding his totem pole," admits Debbie, 36. Also fond of "sex in public" and "sometimes anal," the 5-foot-6 bride-to-be is very open-minded. "I love having someone walk in on me while I'm sucking cock," bellows Debbie, whose wildest fantasy is "to masturbate while three guys stand over me, stroking their big cocks, then have all of us come everywhere!" —Photos by Fiancé

**ALEXISS**

"It makes me horny and hot knowing that guys are looking at me," purrs this 26-year-old carhop from Ocean Springs, Mississippi. Alexiss's personal-interests menu lists "movies, going to the beach, hanging around the house and sex," with that last item spurring some bawdy banter. "I've got to have sex at least once a day," fesses up the 5-foot-4 single gal. "Foreplay is the best part. I love sucking cock and having my thingie eaten." Bi-curious Alexiss is also "game for anal" and diddling with what just

might be the biggest sex toy in the whole country. —Photos by Friend



"My fantasy is having y'all masturbating to me!"

DANGEROUS

"I want to make all your readers horny," chirps Dangerous, 26, a rock singer from Medford, Massachusetts, who somehow finds time for yoga, cooking, sewing and beauty school. "I have a reputation as being an exhibitionist and nymphomaniac. I love giving blowjobs, gagging on a cock and drooling all over it, then licking up all the drool and cum!" It may not rival Paul Revere's midnight ride in 1775, but this 5-foot-6 anal fancier

lusts for an epic odyssey of her own. "I want to ride with my hero, Boston Bob, on his bike along the ocean," Dangerous fantasizes, "licking, blowing and fucking him all night, but especially blowing him!" What an illustrious songbird! —Photos by Friend



FELICITY



"My dream is to be Miss Canada, but Miss Nude Canada would also be cool. I really want to be famous before I'm 25!"



"If I had my own place, I'd be naked all the time," reckons this 19-year-old Canadian, a shooter girl from Winnipeg we've pegged for a full-page show-and-tell. "Being nude is quite comfy." The 5-foot-9 Manitoban works in a rowdy bar, but she does more than get delightfully bare in her *Beaver Hunt* debut. "I'm kinky, mysterious and straight," the pool and ATV aficionada continues. "I also have penis envy. I like holding one when it's kinda small and watching it get bigger, and I like the look on a guy's face when I'm giving him head. It would be fun to have one." Actually, having Felicity around is fun for the eyes *and* ears. Asked what she calls her pussy, the willowy wench—who says her best attribute is "my hearty ass"—replies, "We use the *cunt* word up here." But Felicity winds up her tale with a roar: "Anal sex tickles my tickle!" —Photos by Friend



"I gave a guy head once while we were riding his ATV. That was a blast!"



BECKY



"All the rumors you've heard about preacher's daughters are true," proclaims this frisky five-footer from Lewisville, Texas. "I'm 40 years old and letting my hair down." And that's not all she does! "I work at an auto-parts store, and my hobbies are skin-dipping, movies, ice-skating and giving my husband great blowjobs," Becky coos. "I love doggy and spooning, but I can get kinky at times. My fantasy is having my hubby fill me up while we're out in the woods under the stars." —Photos by Husband



VIKTORIYA

"It would be an honor to have my pictures published in HUSTLER," declares this Ukrainian-born book editor from Rancho Cordova, California. "My man and I read it together. We both love *Beaver Hunt* because it's nice to see real girls." Viktoriya, 21, fills the bill, but makes herself even hotter by disclosing, "I love doggy-style, and I'll try anything once." That includes "a girl a few times," but the bosomy, 5-foot-2 temptress offers a hetero desire: "My fantasy is to be fucked by more than one man at the same time." —Photos by Boyfriend



WIN \$5,000!



ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets \$350 and a chance at the mag's annual Grand Prize—a layout worth \$5,000. (Grand Prize Finalists win \$1,500 each; the Grand Prize Winner's lensman pockets \$500, the Finalists' shooters \$250 each.) All photographers of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here in the near future.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a legible **COLOR** photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published

Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth

Model's Social Security number

Occupation

Telephone (include area code)

Personal e-mail address

Address

City

State

Zip

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.



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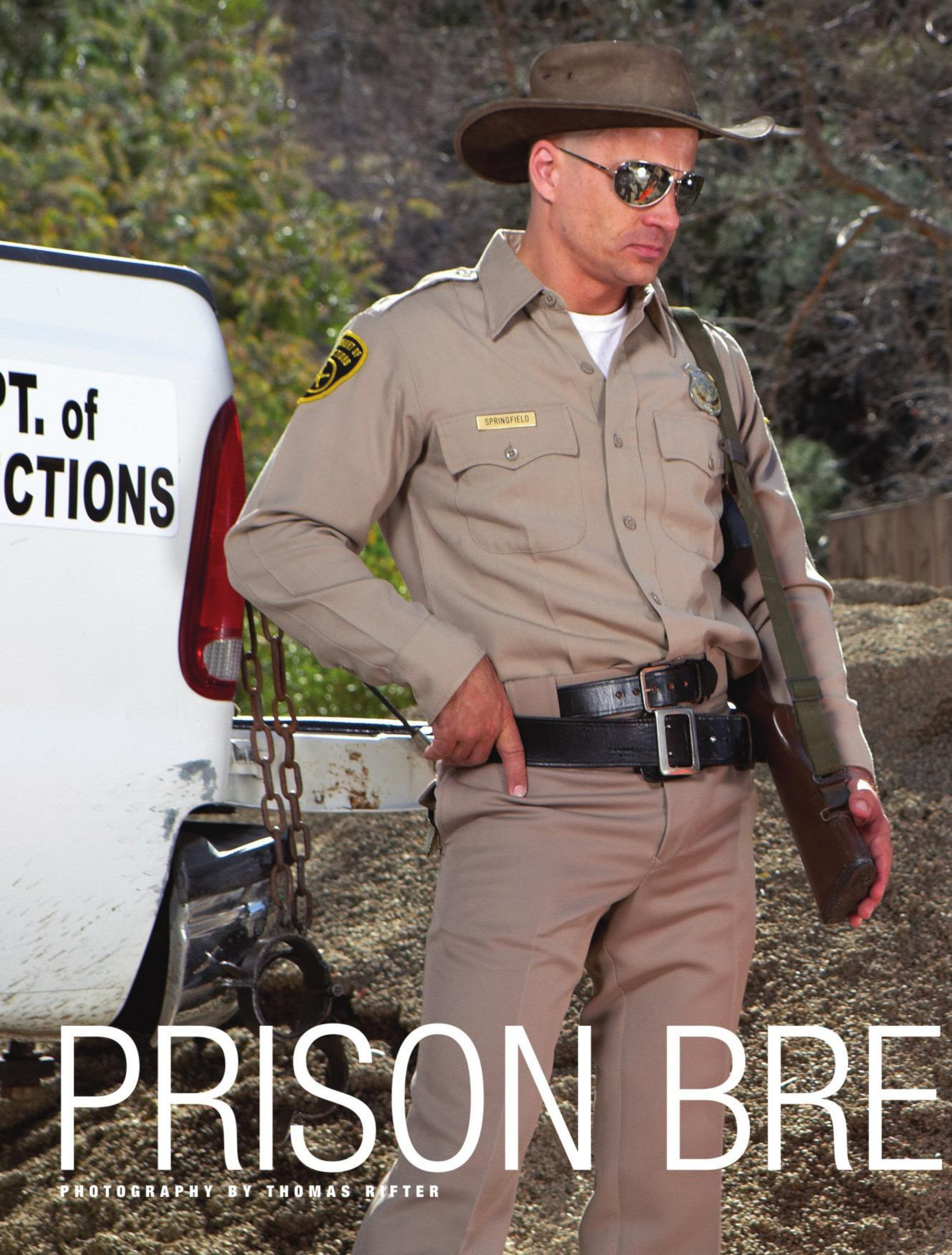
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Date (month/date/year)

Note: Prize money sent to model only. MARCH HUSTLER



T. of
CTIONS

PRISON BRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY THOMAS RIFTER

CARMEL MOORE & BEN ENGLISH

Sung to the tune of "Chain Gang"
by Sam Cooke & Charles Cooke

That's the sound of the girl
working on the chain gang.
That's the sound of the girl
working on the chain gang.
All day long she works so hard.
Damn, check out her tasty bod!
Working the highway and this guy's cock.
Man, her chains and legs unlock.
Hear her moaning into the day
Till she comes and goes away.

That's the sound of the girl
working on the chain gang.
See her go down
and learn how to bang.

Can't you see her screwin'
that lucky chain gang guard?
If we had a chance to do it,
we'd fuck her so hard.
And make her do hard time,
maybe a 69.
Until she starts to moan and sing.

That's the sound of the girl
fuckin' on the chain gang.
Thank you, Carmel,
for fucking in this bang thang!

AK













BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Annette Schwarz
shows off her
Buttworx.



Buttworx

JULES JORDAN. **DIRECTOR:** JULES JORDAN. **STARRING:** ANNETTE SCHWARZ, ALEXIS TEXAS, JULIA BOND, MAYA HILLS, NIKARA, GINA LYNN, JEAN VAL JEAN, STEVE HOLMES & JULES JORDAN.

i Jules Jordan forged his sterling reputation on butt worship, and this double-disc ass-travaganza is a near-religious experience. The comfort cuties he called in for this one aren't voluptuous just by virtue of the old wide-angle trick; they've got some genuine hips to hang their sweet seat cushions on. Cherubic charmer Julia Bond opens the show, followed by German jizz-guzzler Annette Schwarz with a womanly, if comparatively modest, backside. The fräulein's moony eyes, plump pussy and reliable addiction to getting *durchgefickt* (fucked through and through) are always welcome. Alexis Texas doesn't have the performance chops Schwarz has—and she's too unspoiled to gape—but she's got a milk-fed cuteness that will turn your fist into a dick-pump. Disc 2 kicks off with the gorgeous Maya Hills going bottoms up and baking us a perfect, bubbly cream pie. Bosomy Gina Lynn might be the prime draw here. She's been on more magazine covers than Brangelina lately, mostly showcasing her udder talent. But her ass (accentuated by some expert back-arching) is the eye-grabber in this picture, even if it unfortunately doesn't get popped. Throughout, Jordan shows off his trademark skill at bottom-gazing, patiently trailing his babes in low-angle like a loyal puppy. He's crammed this offering with everything serious butt-heads crave: beads, plugs, rimjobs, face-sitting, pile-driving, cream pies and gapes galore. *Buttworx* has the works! —M.J.



Butt lovelies Maya Hills
and Nikara get the *Worx*.



Buttworx director
Jules Jordan jacks
up Julia Bond.



Naked Aces' Ryaan Reynolds plays her hole card.



Naked Kimberley Franklin holsters Mick Blue's pistol.



*Fuck the back-ground check: Sex pistol Whitney Stevens wields a killer hand in *Naked Aces*.*



Naked Aces

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. **DIRECTOR:** ROBBY D. **STARRING:** SHAY JORDAN, AUSTIN KINCAID, WHITNEY STEVENS, RYAAN REYNOLDS, KIMBERLY FRANKLIN, SCOTT NAILS, TOMMY GUNN, MICK BLUE & MARCO BANDERAS.

b Nominated by porn fans for Favorite Female Rookie and Favorite Breasts at the 2007 FAME Awards, Shay Jordan has risen to stardom thanks to quality over quantity. As one of only a dozen flicks the 21-year-old contract star has turned out for Digital Playground so far, *Naked Aces* is a worthy addition to her steadily growing canon. Loosely parodying the style of recent action/comedy *Smokin' Aces*, Shay and her sidekicks get to play with pistols, grenades, rifles and machine guns as they force ninjas, mullet-heads, bird watchers, toothless pizza boys and flaming homosexuals to fuck the shit out of them. The tone is light and playful enough to let the girls' personalities shine. Of course, their most endearing personality trait is that they love sex. Unusually, large breasts are also a recurring theme. Plus, 18-year-old Whitney Stevens (blessed with all-natural 34DDs) is an up-and-coming anal queen. As the flick clocks in at a brisk 78 minutes, some may complain that it's too short. On the other hand, if you can't bust a nut after 15 minutes with any one of these hotties, maybe the problem isn't the movie. Director Robby D. cuts the crap and keeps things moving at a blistering pace. *Naked Aces* is presented in anamorphic widescreen with 5.1 digital surround sound, and the camerawork is crisp, captivating and just stylish enough to prove that the man in charge knows what he's doing.

—Kevin Wright



Kiss it goodbye: Ava Rose (top) and Justine Joli (bottom) are *Man's Ruin*.



Man's Ruin

VIVID ENTERTAINMENT. **DIRECTOR:** WINKYTIKI. **STARRING:** AVA ROSE, CELESTE STAR, JUSTINE JOLI, LYSTRA, MIA ROSE, ROXY DEVILLE, SATINE PHOENIX, BARRY SCOTT, CHRIS CHARMING & JAY HUNTINGTON.

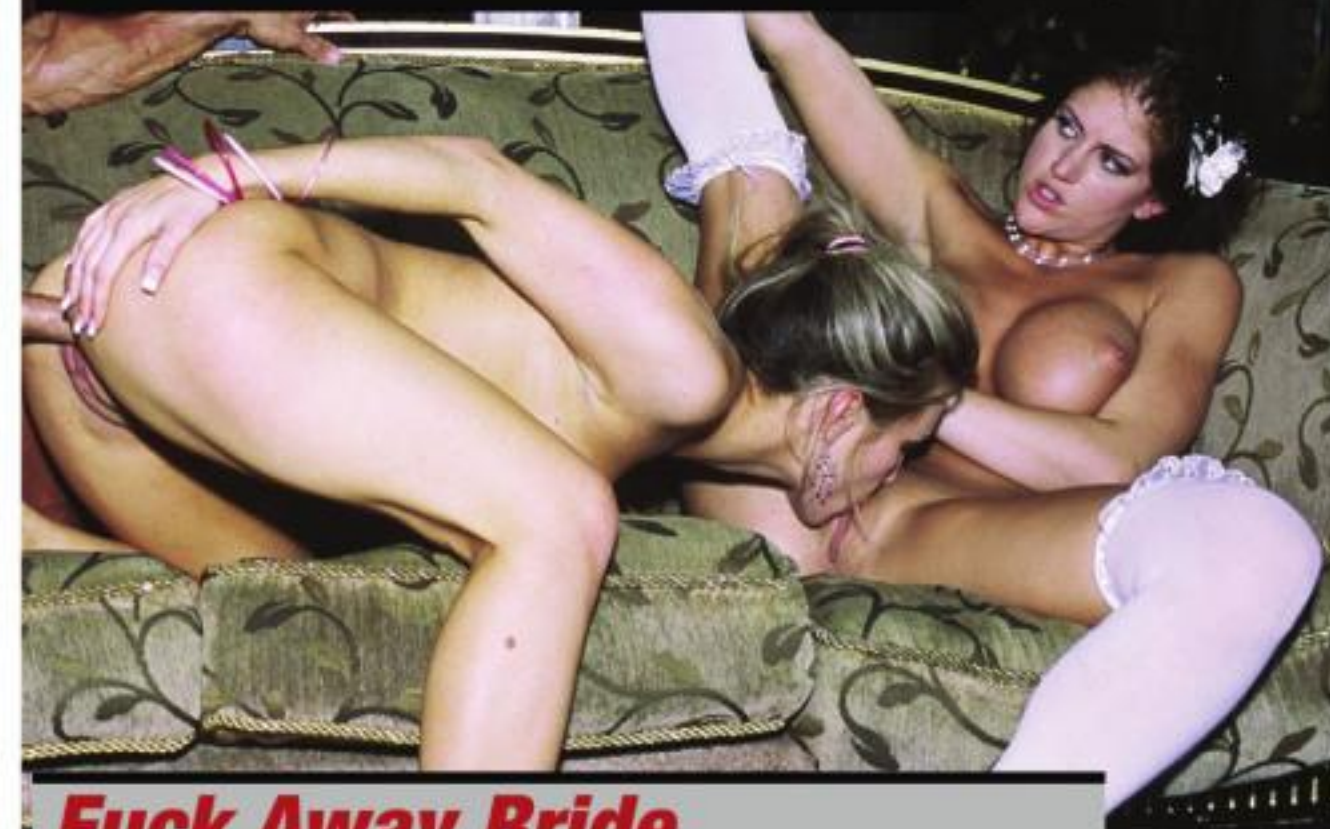
 Hipster Winkytki's sophomore outing for Vivid's alt-porn arm (his first was the girl-gang-aganza *Rebelle Rousers*) starts off like a bubblegum pop video from the '80s, then morphs into a Japanese cybersupergirl flick and goes haywire from there. As far as we can make out, a tattoo-bedecked Melodie Gore (Lystra) gets sucked into her TV by the mysterious Toko Corporation to go on a string of missions to destroy Satanic terrorizers. Melodie doesn't ever seem to actually do anything, much less destroy evil. But along the way we get some premium smut. The steamy girl/girl with ginger bombshell Justine Joli is a joy, and it's topped by Mia Rose (with a bit and reins) undergoing spirited pony-training. The movie slips in and out of music-video hell as Melodie finally rescues a chick called Go-Go from some sort of torture disco and a fucking machine. At times, *Man's Ruin* is more snotty style than stroke-worthy substance, but Winkytki is adept at varying the tempo to keep it effective as jerk-off fare (always a challenge in alt-porn). The soundtrack—an eclectic mix of alt-rock, classical and '60s cheese—lends an appropriately goofy feel. So don't let that three-quarter-erect rating scare you. Slap this one on the widescreen for your next swinger party. If porn is *Man's Ruin*, sign us up for destruction!

—M.J.



Jassie forgets her gown in *Fuck Away Bride*.

Bride Eve Laurence gives Harmony Rose a taste of her wedding cake.



Fuck Away Bride

XOXO PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** TOMAS PETTIO. **STARRING:** EVE LAURENCE, HARMONY ROSE, TAYLOR LYNN, TAYLOR RAIN, LAUREN PHOENIX, JASSIE, LEE STONE, BEN ENGLISH, OTTO BAUER, BRETT ROCKMAN & NICK MANNING.

 Some of the hottest women in porn sign up to wear wedding gowns (but not for long!) and have their asses plowed in *Fuck Away Bride*. The film doesn't advertise its anal-heavy action, but just having Taylor "Mother Fucking" Rain (her new self-appointed nickname) and Lauren Phoenix in the lineup guarantees a certain level of filthy fun. The gorgeous Ms. Rain is jilted at the altar, despite showing off her hot ass and perky tits in a see-through gown. The decidedly unsuave Otto Bauer and Brett Rockman swoop in for the DP after Taylor drools all over herself while sucking their dicks. Rockman returns in the next scene to drill Lauren Phoenix in the ass. The statuesque blonde has the looks of a supermodel, but, God bless her, she loves butt sex way too much to go mainstream. Busty gal pals Harmony Rose and Eve Laurence hook up before Eve's wedding, but when the groom catches them in the act, her premarital infidelity turns into a scorching-hot threeway. The poor video quality is almost a deal-breaker, but the stars are too hot, the sex is too nasty, and the bridal theme is too kinky to pass up.

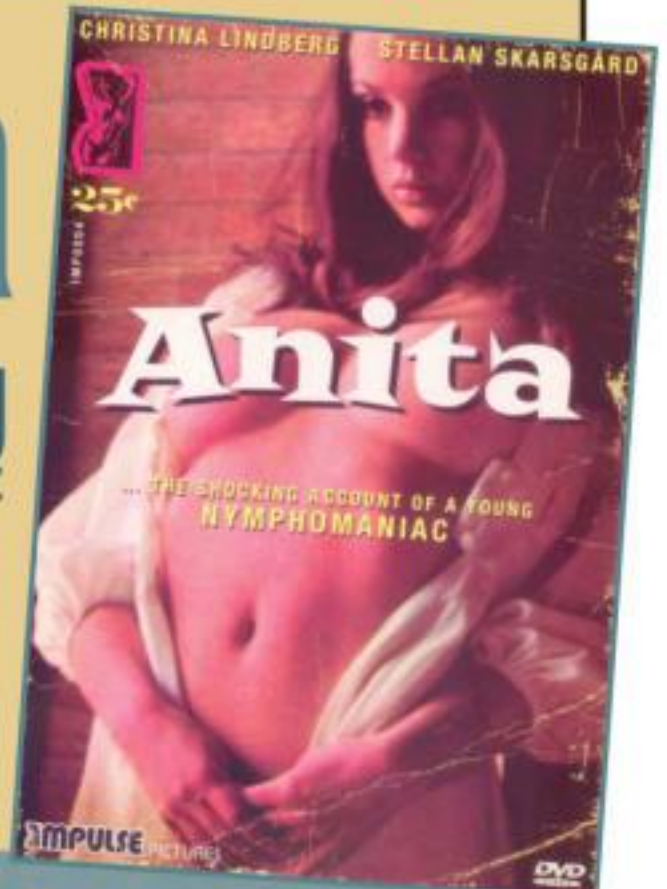
—K.W.

VINTAGE SMUT SPOTLIGHT

'70s Sexpot **Christina Lindberg** in

Anita

The Shocking
Account of
a Young
Nymphomaniac



ANITA IS THE KIND OF GIRL who cruises airports and train stations, looking for random men to suck off. That may sound like a good thing, but her licentious chronicle—a 1973 offering from Sweden now on DVD thanks to our friends at Impulse Pictures—is one of those chunks of pre-hard-core that smuggle its smut in a social message: Our heroine is the offshoot of inept parentage and just needs a good lover to scratch her itch. (Anita's therapeutic O-man turns out to be a young Stellan Skarsgård, better known as Bootstrap Bill in the *Pirates of the Caribbean* blockbusters.)

These days a chick like Anita would be doing bukkake in no time, but vintage fans will savor the nudie-cutie charms of an earlier generation: all-natural boobs, a scandalous striptease and breakaway panties! Bosomy Euro-sexploitation pussycat Christina Lindberg pulls off the part of a horny 16-year-old with fleshy freshness even if the actress was well over barely legal at the time. Who doesn't love saucy Swedish meatballs? As for "shocking," just imagine you're a stuffy Lutheran in the Land of the Midnight Sun who's never seen a million wall-to-wall anal flicks, and you'll have a great time with *Anita*.

Incidentally, Lindberg eventually left porn behind and was, at last report, a mainstream magazine editor.

—M.J.



My Baby's Nyomi Banxxx and Mone Divine Got Back!

Tia Sweets is #41's premium eye candy.

My Baby Got Back! #41

METRO INTERACTIVE/AFRO-CENTRIC PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** JAX. **STARRING:** MONE DIVINE, NYOMI BANXXX, TIA SWEETS, DELOTTA BROWN, VIDA VALENTINE, ESSENCE, MR. MARCUS, ETHAN HUNT, JON JON, JULIUS CEAZHER & LEE BANG.

Afro-centric lensman Jax's latest installments in this long-running line are as fresh as ever and still full of the finest chocolate. Nyomi Banxxx, closely watched these days as a hot contender for the next black superstar, nails #41's opener, lapping the juices of light-skinned cutie Mone Divine and riding a cock like a well-stoked steam engine. Nyomi's a stunner, but it's Mone who moans her way through the scene's ultimate ass-reaming. Tia Sweets, another prime piece of caramel, lives up to her name, nearly losing it when she has to take all of meaty Mr. Marcus deep into her tight booty hole—but recovering with a nice big smile. Later, Delotta Brown shows off her bouncing FFs during a spirited anal embrace. There's a lotta Delotta to love! The camerwork and lighting are distinctly cinematic, bathing everything in saturated hues and intense contrasts. Even the colors in the decor (rusty reds and mahoganies) complement and contrast the girls, adding dimension and elevating #41 far beyond the usual stroke fodder. You may want to go back and check out #40 as well. Kapri Styles is always alluring, and you won't want to miss one of the last outings by Ariel Alexis, a lithe young hottie who recently switched careers way too soon.

—M.J.



Spare the rod, spoil the child: Daisy Marie and Penny Flame (below) get disciplined in *Reform School Girls*.



Reform School Girl Lorelei Lee swallows the bad seed.



Katrina Angel sure is excited about the new *Squirts Illustrated*.



Gwen Diamond gets wet and wild for *Squirts Illustrated's* no-swimsuit edition.



Reform School Girls

WICKED PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** MARK STONE. **STARRING:** DAISY MARIE, PENNY FLAME, TORY LANE, LINDSEY MEADOWS, LISA A. DANIELS, LORELEI LEE, ROXY DEVILLE, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, HERSCHEL SAVAGE, MARCO BANDERAS, RANDY SPEARS & STEVEN ST. CROIX.



As Harvey Keitel's character in *Pulp Fiction* would tell you, "Just because you *are* a character doesn't mean that you *have* character." The naughty stars of *Reform School Girls* may lack moral fiber, but that's okay because: 1) this is porn; and 2) their brazen personalities only add to their sex appeal. Flunking her Spanish class, Daisy Marie asserts, "I know, *Fucker*, give me my money and *Eat me*. That's all I need to know to survive, right?" But then the petite Latina lets loose with a flawless salvo of Spanish filth as she gets fucked until she squirts. (Check out the behind-the-scenes feature for a better view.) Redheaded firebrand Penny Flame does a sexy, innocent-girl act that she blows when she, well, starts blowing a guy. Tory Lane's anal is as nasty as it gets, but the boisterous beauty is clearly having the best time. Lindsey Meadows rarely utters a word in other roles, but she's a riot here as a rug-munching delinquent with a thick Jersey accent. By the way, this is *not* a movie for barely legal lovers. The schoolgirl outfits definitely have fetish appeal, but the stars are all in their mid-20s. But any lack of legal-teen authenticity is ameliorated by the top-notch talent, state-of-the-art production and infectious fun.

—K.W.



JENNA JACKPOT

CONGRATULATIONS TO CHRIS DUHAME of Scottsdale, Arizona, the lucky winner of our Jenna Jameson T-shirt giveaway. "This is the first contest I've ever won," says Chris, one of the superstar's most avid fans. "The only thing that would have topped it would have been having Jenna herself come knocking at my door and handing me the shirts herself! Hopefully, I'll get the chance to meet her one day." That's not such a farfetched fantasy: In one heck of a coincidence, Scottsdale has been Jenna's adopted home since 1998.



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Johnny Sins and Jamie Tyler make a splash in *Squirts Illustrated*.

Squirts Illustrated

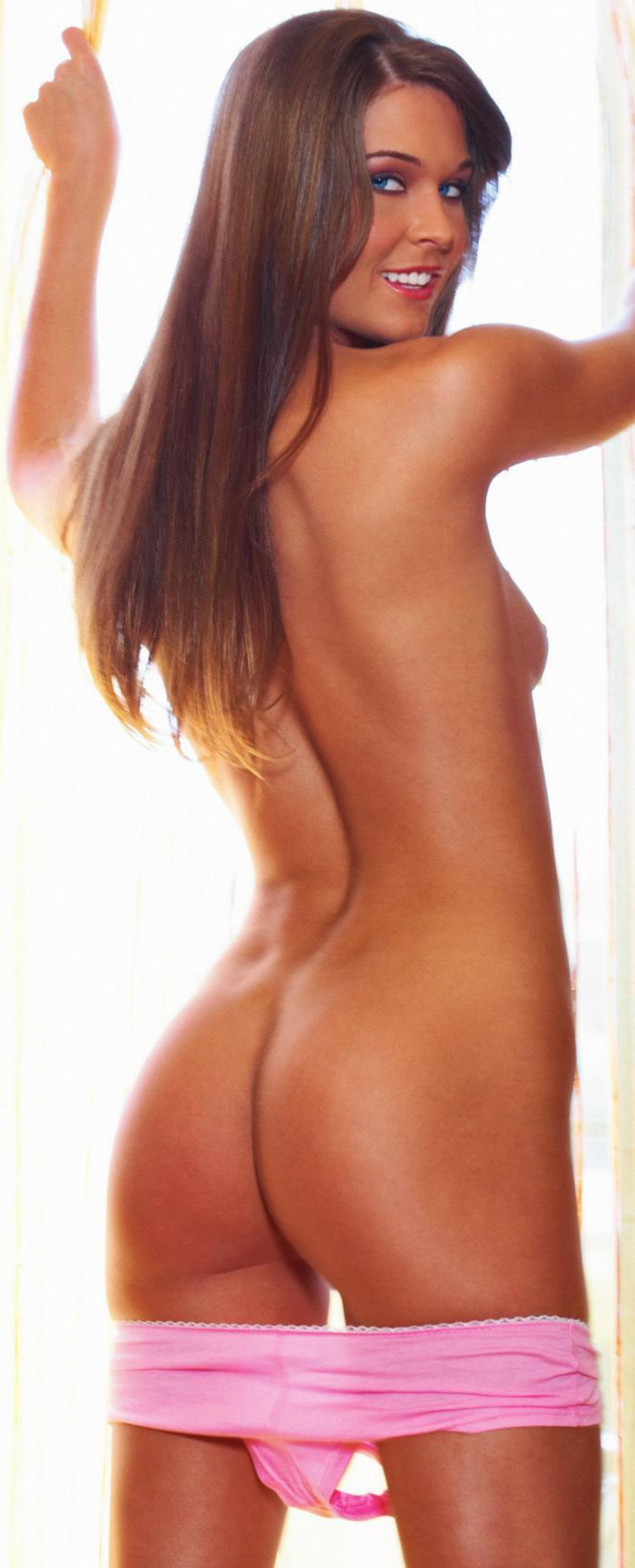
VCA PICTURES. **DIRECTOR:** AXEL BRAUN. **STARRING:** GWEN DIAMOND, BIANCA DAGGER, DESIRE MOORE, JAMIE TYLER, KATRINA ANGEL, JAY LASSITER, NICO STALLONE, JOHNNY SINS & MIKEY BUTDERS.



Axel Braun is to female ejaculation what Eddie Van Halen is to rock. Van Halen's two-handed-tapping guitar technique revolutionized the genre. Braun's jack-rabbit fingering method is so effective that Lloyds of London once insured his hands for \$2 million each. In *Squirts Illustrated*, Braun's right-hand man, Jay Lassiter, is the one getting his mitts dirty. Using the award-winning director's vaunted know-how, Jay and his fellow well-pumpers strike oil on a cast of cute newcomers. Rising star Gwen Diamond is a stunning 20-year-old blonde with 36C tits who humbly rates herself as an "85 out of 100" on the slut-o-meter. Having done it all in her first year as a pro, Gwen is a gung-ho performer who can't stop gushing. You could catch fish in smaller streams than the ones that come bursting out of her cunt. Jamie Tyler and Desire Moore also explode in ecstasy over and over again, squirting multiple times with each orgasm. Fans of the genre get their money's worth from these fresh faces as the floodgates open anywhere from three to six times per scene. Even those who think female ejaculation is only a myth, a trick or a fever dream can appreciate how hard these women fuck and how intensely they get off. While so many extreme-sex vids focus on raunch for raunch's sake, Axel Braun's *Squirts Illustrated* makes extreme sex exciting and fun.

—K.W.

ADRIENNE





ADORABLE BOOKWORM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



This really is a pipe dream come true for me," reckons **Adrienne**, who's as poised as a seasoned model, but is actually a junior at the University of Nebraska. "When I got to be a Real College Girl, I thought it couldn't get any better. Now I've gotten to do a HUSTLER layout out in California. How cool! This is one of the best things I've ever done in my whole life."

Being a studious coed, the lanky Cornhusker is prepared for a little pop quiz, with the first question involving what she's up for in bed. "Everything!" **Adrienne** howls. "I'm totally bi, so I enjoy both girls who are blond or super-exotic and guys who know how to talk and make me laugh. I'm very into foreplay. You can do so many sexy things with your tongue and fingers if you try. There's no need to rush to the deed."

Should she win *Beaver Hunt's* Grand Prize, will **Adrienne** be rushing off to Oahu or Barbados? "I guess I'll be practical and put the money in the bank," the sweetie sighs. "I'm going to have a lot of loans to pay off once I graduate. Five thousand bucks sure would help."







Finally, is the outstanding amateur tempted to become a committed skin-bizzer? “I don’t know,” **Adrienne** admits. “Right now I’m focusing on finishing my degree and becoming a veterinarian, but if I were asked to pose nude again, I’d probably jump at the chance.”





ADRIENNE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Lincoln, Nebraska

AGE: 22

BIRTH SIGN: Libra

HEIGHT: 5-8

MEASUREMENTS: 34B-25-35



BREE OLSON

COMING NEXT MONTH



EXCLUSIVE: SENATOR DAVID VITTER UNZIPPED

A "family values" U.S. senator from Louisiana, David Vitter publicly coauthored the "Federal Marriage Amendment" but privately cavorted with prostitutes. Research Director Mark Johnson reveals how HUSTLER caught the lawmaker with his pants down, exposing this religious hypocrite, who endorses the sanctity of matrimony and "abstinence only"—for others but not himself.

RADIO HOST STEPHANIE MILLER SOUNDS OFF

As our *Free Speech* series continues, the queen of progressive talk discusses the Imus controversy and the First Amendment. Miller—who hosts a nationally syndicated radio program—also takes on Rush Limbaugh, Sean Hannity, Ann Coulter and other neocons. In a must-read essay, Miller fights for truth, justice and the progressive way.



TUCKER MAX ON THE ART OF FUCKING MIDGETS

Tucker Max's bestseller *I Hope They Serve Beer in Hell* and his hilarious Web site chronicle the legendary womanizer's barroom and bedroom escapades. Penning an outrageous, nonfiction short story, the irrepressible blogger goes to da max, pursuing his ultimate sexual fantasy: having sex with midgets! A good, fun holiday gift to you.

GIRLS OF MYSPACE: LEXY LEE

Southern belle Lexy Lee is a clean-cut, all-American stay-at-home mom who drops her petticoats for us. Georgia hasn't been this hot since Sherman's March to the Sea in 1864. Lawdy, Miss Scarlett!



THE Q&A: JOURNALIST JOHN NICHOLS ON IMPEACHING THE BASTARDS

In his thought-provoking new book, *The Genius of Impeachment: The Founders' Cure for Royalism*, John Nichols presents a bill of particulars for impeaching Bush & Cheney. Corporate media also comes under attack for selling wars, spinning elections and destroying democracy in our interview with *The Nation's* Washington correspondent.

BAG LADY'S BAWDY COMEDY

Dressed like a homeless woman, Suzanne Austin brings her lewd, laugh-a-minute act to biker rallies, tattoo conventions and comedy clubs. But this isn't garden-variety stand-up. As each raucous performance winds down, audiences are in for the shock of a lifetime when Bag Lady Sue sheds her ragtag regalia. Underneath is an attractive, buxom blonde clad in sexy lingerie. Get ready to howl as HUSTLER profiles the stripper-turned-comedienne.



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